

THE
CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE FOURTH.

Vol. IV.

JULY, 1813.

No. I.

ART. I.—*Mœurs, Usages, Costumes des Othomans, et abrégé de leur Histoire; par A. L. Castellan Auteur des Lettres sur la Morée et sur Constantinople; avec des éclaircissements tirés d'Ouvrages orientaux, et communiqués par M. Langlès. Six Vols. in 18, ornés de soixante et douze Planches. Paris, 1812. London, Dulaup, £2. 2s.*

‘THE library of Indian monarchs,’ commences the author in his preface, ‘was composed of so many volumes, that a hundred camels were necessary to transport it from one place to another. One of these princes, who was very fond of reading, but more fond of travelling, ordered the wise men in his kingdom to extract the best parts of every book, and out of them to form a library which he might carry about with less inconvenience. The body of literati executed the task with which they were charged; and formed a library which required only ten camels instead of a hundred. Another king, who still found that he had more books than he wished, ordered a Brahmin to compress them into the smallest possible compass. The Brahmin, who well knew the character of the prince, and his aversion from reading, reduced the whole library into four maxims. Without being,’ says the author of this work, ‘so rigidly concise as the Brahmin, I have endeavoured to include in a few small volumes the substance of a multitude of folios,’ &c.

Most abridgments are a mere dry nomenclature, in the historical part of which we have nothing but names, places, and dates; and in which manners and customs are stripped of all individual portraiture or circumstantial delineation.

CRIT. REV. Vol. 4, July, 1813.

B

This is not, however, the case with the present abridgment; for, though it is brief, it is not destitute of lively or amusing details; and the text is very much aided by the engravings, which are numerous; and contain, altogether, the most accurate representation of the Turkish costume which we have ever seen. The two first volumes exhibit a summary of the Oriental history. The third exhibits a picture of the Ottoman court, or of the interior of the seraglio. The author describes the officers attached to the service of the sultan, his pages, his eunuchs. In the fourth volume M. Castellan describes the great officers of the empire, both civil and military, the administration of justice in the divan, the finances, &c. The judicial organization, the ministers of religion, and the whole ceremonial of *Islamism*, are comprehended in the fifth volume; and the sixth is occupied with the costume, arts, and manufactures of this singular people.

We will translate a few extracts from this work. The following are from the chapter entitled Government.

‘When the sultan appoints a grand vizier, he puts in his hand the seal of the empire, ~~by which his name is engraved.~~ It is by virtue of this seal, ~~which this minister always carries in his bosom,~~ that he is invested with the ~~supreme~~ power; and that he can, without any other formality, ~~remove~~ all the obstacles which stand in the way of his administration. The imperial seal is a talisman which he ~~ought never to quit~~ the importance, which is attached to it, is such that the grand seignior, in order to depose this minister, has nothing to do but to redemand it.’

‘The vizier often goes at night to visit the prisons. He takes an executioner with him whom he employs to dispatch those whom he finds guilty; but great as is his power, it does not authorize him to cut off the head of a pacha. For this purpose he must have the signature of the emperor; nor can he punish a spahy, a janizary, nor any other soldier, without the consent of their chiefs. The troops have reserved this privilege to themselves, which is the mean of protecting them from various acts of injustice and oppression.’

The power of a vizier depends entirely

‘On the favour of the sultan. The sword is always kept suspended over his head; and no human prudence can avert the blows which may be aimed at the first minister. These proceed often from the interior of the harem, from the eunuchs, or the favourites.’

It is related that on a certain occasion

‘Selim 1st, surnamed *Yaver* (the ferocious) ordered his prime minister to plant some horses’ tails before his door, as a signal for some expedition, and to get some tents ready in a convenient

situation. The vizier simply asked in what quarter it might please his highness that the tents should be placed. The sultan, without any reply, ordered him to be put to death. The same day, a similar *question* caused his successor to be treated in a similar manner. But a third vizier, enlightened by the fate of his predecessors, pitched some tents towards the four quarters of the heavens; and with singular promptitude made every preparation which was necessary for a great expedition. Soon after this the sultan demanded whether he had provided for every thing according to his intentions, and where he had fixed the tents? The vizier replied that every thing was in readiness to whatever quarter the sultan might direct his march. Selym answered, *The death of two viziers has saved the life of a third: and has procured me such a minister as I wished.*

After giving some account of the *divan-khanéh*, (hall of judgment) of the Turks, the author closes it with the two following anecdotes.

'A Turkish merchant of Constantinople lost a purse containing two hundred pieces of gold called *thogralys*, in his way from the bath to the mosque. He did not perceive his loss till he was leaving the mosque, when he went to the crier whom he ordered to proclaim it in the streets, with the necessary particulars, and a promise, of half the contents to him who would bring the purse. A *lerendy* or sailor had the good fortune to find it. As soon as he heard the crier he felt some compunction about keeping what did not belong to him; and preferred gaining honestly, the reward, of a hundred *thogralys* to the chance of being detected and punished as a thief. The sailor makes a confession of having found the purse with the two hundred pieces of gold. He proposes to keep half according to the promise of the crier; and to restore the rest to the proprietor. The latter, being informed of this, wishes to break the agreement into which he had entered, and to recover the whole sum. But, as he could not openly break his engagement, he pretends that, besides the money, the purse contained a pair of diamond earrings of the value of seven hundred crowns, which the sailor was required to surrender to the right owner. The sailor called God, the prophet, and heaven and earth to witness that he had found nothing more in the purse than what it still contained. He was carried before the cady, or inferior judge, and accused of the robbery. The cady, either through negligence or corruption, decrees that the sailor, whom he nevertheless acquits of any charge of robbery, should receive no reward on account of his inattention in losing jewels of such great price. The sailor, enraged at finding himself disappointed of the sum he expected, and at the attempt to ruin his character, presents an *arzouhh*, or petition to the grand vizier. The merchant and the crier are ordered before him.

4 Castellan' Moeurs, Usages, Costumes des Othomans

Each pleads his cause. The vizier asks the crier what loss it was which the merchant had first directed him to announce; a purse, said the crier, containing two hundred *thogralys*. The merchant said that he omitted the mention of the ear-rings, least, if the purse should fall into the hands of persons not much acquainted with the nature of jewels, the specification of the value should have caused the detention of the whole. The sailor swore that he found nothing but the money in the purse. Thogruly-Ali-pacha pronounced this sentence: since the merchant, in addition to two hundred *thogralys*, says that the purse contained also a pair of diamond ear-rings, and as the sailor avers on his oath that the purse which he found contained nothing but money, it is clear that this could not be the purse which the merchant lost. Let the merchant, therefore, have the specific purse, which he did lose, cried anew, till it is restored by some one, who has the fear of God before his eyes. On the other hand, let the sailor keep the purse and the money for forty days, and if no one reclaims it in that time, let it remain with him. Thus the avarice of the merchant was punished by the loss of his money and his credit, whilst the sailor was enriched at his expence, and returned in triumph to his ship.

The author gives the next anecdote as a proof of the sagacity of the Turks. It was exhibited by Youcouf Pacha, who was grand vizier at two different times.

One Turk lent another about twenty-five thousand franks at an exorbitant interest. At the expiration of ten years the borrower repaid the sum, but positively refused to discharge the usurious interest (in Turkey the highest of money is as high as twenty per cent.) The affair was brought before Youcouf, who, acknowledging the right of the creditor, determined that the debtor should, in his turn, lend another sum of twenty-five thousand franks for ten years without interest.

The Turkish *cheykhs* or preachers in the mosques, are said seldom to touch on points of controversy. Some of them are sturdy moralists; and not afraid of inculcating on the higher powers their respective duties, or of inveighing against their luxury, injustice, and depravity. It appears from the following that they are not deficient in dexterity of evasion, when their example seems in opposition to their preaching.

A Turkish author (Lamai in his distichs) relates, that a preacher declaiming one day against the use of an intoxicating drug called *beng*, was so violent in his oratorical gestures, that a paper, containing some of this drug, which he was in the constant habit of taking, fell from his bosom into the midst of his audience. The preacher, without losing his assurance, immediately exclaimed, Lo! there is the enemy; the demon, of whom I have been speaking! The force of my words has raised

him up and made him fly before me. Take care lest he should get possession of some of you.'

There are neither convents nor monasteries amongst the Turks except those of the dervishes. The *imams*, the *mouezzins*, and other officiating ministers have each their house, from which they repair to the mosque at the prescribed hours. Ordination and consecration are unknown to the Turks; the ceremony of installation is all that is required for the doctors, the magistrates, and ministers of worship. These situations exact no vow, no oath, no painful noviciate. Most of the persons, by whom they are filled, are married; and may embrace any other profession if they find it more suitable to their interests or their inclination. No tax is paid by the Ulemas; nor is their property subject to confiscation. Thus the principal families of the magistrates and ministers of religion are very rich, and the Ulemas enjoy a high degree of popular veneration. If the janizaries unite with the Ulemas in opposing the designs of the sultan, this prince is obliged to yield. To oppose the combined will of these two bodies would be to provoke a resistance dangerous to his power. But, as long as the prince can keep these two bodies divided, or sow dissensions between them by means of some leading individuals among either, every thing proceeds according to his wish. When they act in unison they will depose the sovereign, destroy his ministers, or remove any obstacle whatever in the way of their caprice. This caused the dethronement of Mahomet IV. and of other emperors, whose fall proves that there are limits which the power of the sultan cannot pass.

We select the following from the chapter on prohibited meats and drinks. It is well known that Mahomet very wisely forbade the faithful to make use of any intoxicating drink.

The Turks, however, and even the sultans often transgress this law of the prophet. Bajazet 1st was a slave to his passion for wine. Under Soliman 1st the propensity for this liquor became so general and violent, that he ordered those, who should drink it, to swallow melted lead, and fire to be set to all the vessels in the harbour of the capital, which were laden with wine. But his conduct was not imitated by his son Selym. He set an example of debauchery, and revoked the edict of Soliman against wine; and it came into general and public use. Mahomet III. renewed the prohibition; and Achmet I. caused all the taverns to be demolished, and the casks of wine to be broken throughout the whole extent of the empire. Amurat IV. refined on the system of his predecessors, and interdicted

6 *Castellan' Mœurs, Usages, Costumes des Othomans*

coffee, tobacco, and opium. He sentenced the delinquents to capital punishment. His successors preserved none of his edicts but that against wine; and, at present, the Turks of a certain rank make use of it with cautious reserve. This transgression is rare amongst the ulemas and the ministers of religion; but there is less hesitation amongst the dervishes, the soldiers, the sailors, and the people. These have also recourse to brandy; but they are strangers to punch, to cyder, and to beer. For these they find a substitute in opium.*

Almost all the people of the East seek to excite pleasurable sensation, the eager pursuit of the human race, by means of opium. As this avidity of pleasurable sensation is indulged to excess, the nerves are stimulated till delirium is produced. Amongst the Turks, fanaticism, though it is favoured by the glowing visions of their religious system, is rendered more potent and general by the familiar use of opium. The Turks make use

'of opiates and pills called *bendje** or *madjour*. This is a mixture of opium, poppies, aloes, and different spices, with the occasional addition of perfumes and essences, and even of powdered pearls, rubies, and emeralds. A pot of this precious electuary will sell as high as a hundred pistoles. It is carried in little boxes, and taken several times during the day, when it is washed down by a glass of water, or a cup of coffee.'

The virtues of coffee are said to have been first made known by a dervish, who, banished from his convent on the mountains in the neighbourhood of Mocha, accidentally boiled some grains of a shrub which was very common in that district. Two other dervishes, who were afflicted with a cutaneous disease, went to visit the solitary, when he made them drink some of this infusion, by which their malady was removed. This cure was soon made known at Mocha, when the dervish was sent for, and richly rewarded for the discovery of a drink, which has since constituted the delight of the East, and been diffused amongst all civilized nations.

'Coffee gave rise to violent theological disputes: till at last it was determined that this beverage was not adverse to the spi-

* *Bendje* or *beng*, is a name given to a confection, the basis of which is formed of the leaf of the hemp. The hemp in Arabic is called *hachyche*; and those who make use of it are named, *hachychys*. This word passing through the organs of the Greeks, who cannot pronounce the *j* and the *ch*, which they change into *z* and *s*, is metamorphosed into *assassin*, an association of great celebrity and terror in the East during the time of the crusades. The chief of the assassins or fanatics, who were sublimed into a sort of mania by the use of the hemp (*hachyche*) was usually designated by the name of the old man of the mountain, because he resided in Mount Libanus†.

rit of Mahometanism. Coffee-houses are common in all the towas and villages of the Levant. The coffee-house forms the centre of union for the inhabitants ; where the idle while away the day in smoking ; in playing draughts and chess ; in seeing the antics of their jugglers ; or, lastly, in hearing stories told.

'The mode of preparing coffee is, by slightly roasting, pounding, and sifting it, then reducing it into a fine powder and putting it in boiling water. It is drunk with the *grounds*, and without sugar ; but dried sweetmeats are first handed round. It is not customary to mix the coffee with cream.'

Tobacco was introduced at Constantinople in the reign of Achmet 1st about the year 1605 : It was proscribed by Achmet IV. who could not endure the smell ; but, on the other hand, as he had a strong *penchant* for wine, he permitted it to be sold and privately drunk.

'A man, named Teryaqy *, saved himself by a sally of wit from the capital punishment to which the sultan had condemned every one, who should violate his order to desist from the use of tobacco. Not being able to get the better of his fondness for the pipe to which he had been accustomed, Teryaqy had a deep cavity dug in his garden, and covered over with turf. To this place he retired to enjoy the luxury of his pipe. But notice was given of his proceedings ; and the sultan himself detected him in his retreat. Teryaqy, notwithstanding the danger which he ran, exclaimed with a good deal of pleasantry, " Begone from hence thou son of a slave. Thy edict is designed for persons above ground, and has no authority over those who live under the earth." The sultan disarmed by this sally granted him his pardon, and gave him permission to smoke at his ease.' 'There are only a small number of devotees who make a scruple of smoking : but the sultans, though they tolerate the abuse, never permit themselves to smoke in public. A Turk has his pipe incessantly in his mouth ; and he does not pay less attention the embellishment of his pipe, than to the quality of his tobacco. The stem or tube is made of jasmine, rose, or hazel, decorated with gold or jewels, and with yellow amber or coral at the end. They are manufactured with great nicety as well as the bowls, which are of a reddish earth, gilt or delicately carved. They sometimes use the Persian pipe ; the flexible tubes of which are several yards long ; and have this peculiarity, that the smoke passes through a reservoir of rose-water. When you make a visit, you are immediately presented with coffee and a pipe. The Turks are as seldom seen without their clothes, as without a pipe : they smoke when

* This name is generally given to those who are stupefied or barbarized by the immoderate use of opium and of *beng* ; but in whom the light of reason dawns at intervals ; and, particularly, in occasional sparklings of wit.

they write, and even when they are doing that which requires most dispatch. They walk with their pipe, travel with their pipe, fight with their pipe; and the rich have slaves who follow them every where with their pipes and all the necessary apparatus for smoking.

The author gives a succinct account of the nuptial ceremonies of the Turks, which he closes with the following narrative of some oriental writer, who, like Mr. Malthus was fain to impress the world with a strong conviction of the inconveniences of marriage.

'The Khalif Haroun-al-Raschid had a fool, or rather buffoon, at his court of the name of Bahloul, whose sayings and pleasantry furnished a great source of amusement. The sultan once took it into his head to have Bahloul married; and he accordingly provided him with a handsome young woman with a considerable fortune. But the ceremony was hardly finished when the new-married man very abruptly left the nuptial bed, and made the best of his way into the town. The sultan, apprised of this piece of folly, sent for Bahloul, who was brought into his presence. He gave him a severe reprimand, and asked him what there was to laugh at in this business. The buffoon returned this answer to the khalif. "You promised me a good deal of satisfaction in the marriage state, but I have been greatly disappointed in my expectations. I had hardly got into bed with my wife, before I perceived a great noise, which proceeded from her bosom. I listened attentively, when I very distinctly heard several voices, some of which demanded bread, rice, and meat; others called for clothes, shifts, turbans, shoes. I moreover heard some laughing, others crying: and, in short, this uproar alarmed me so much that, instead of the repose and happiness which I expected to experience, I was convinced that I should only become a greater fool than I was before, if I should, one day, be the father of such a numerous family."

In a chapter on the arts and trades, the author introduces some particulars from a Turkish manuscript which he says has never been translated. From this we learn that in Turkey every body, or fraternity of tradesmen, has its chief and its *keahya*, who have all the masters and workmen under their controul. "They repress abuses and punish the guilty. Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, are admitted indiscriminately into all trades; but the chief and the *keahya* are always mussulmans."

There are two schools (*médrecéh*) of medicine at Constantinople; but there are physicians of all nations except the Armenians. The greatest number are Turks, but the Franks are in the highest repute. When the Turks take a medicine they require the physician to be answerable

for the event ; " and when any evil happens to the patient, the physician is in an unpleasant predicament, and is often obliged to spend money to appease the family or hush up the business." As dissections are not allowed among the Turks, anatomy and surgery cannot make any progress ; and thus there are very few surgeons who can perform a complex operation unless they are Franks, or Greeks who have travelled for instruction into Italy. The author says that in Turkey, medicine is degraded by a barbarous ignorance ; but, in what country has it attained to any thing like the certainty of a science ? When we talk slightly of the medical faculty in Turkey, we must not forget that it is to that country we are indebted for the practice of inoculation.

The tailors (*terzy*,) says M. Castellan, are in great numbers, and of all nations ; but from the following account we suppose that these Turkish ninth-parts of men, are as prone to *cabbage* as those of this or any other country. One of the honourable fraternity of Turkish tailors happening to be seized with a dangerous malady, he had an extraordinary dream.

' He saw a flag of immense size waving in the air and composed of pieces of all the different cloths which he had *cabbaged* for his private use. The angel of death held this flag in one hand, and, with the other, assailed the head of the thief with an iron club. The tailor, on awaking from this frightful dream, vowed that, in case he should recover, he would be more honest for the time to come. He soon found himself restored to perfect health ; and, as he distrusted his own resolution, he ordered one of his boys never to omit reminding him of the flag whenever he was going to cut a piece of cloth. But a great man having one day sent for him to make a robe of very costly materials, the temptation became too strong for him to resist. The lad in vain very vehemently urged him to remember the flag. " *You quite pester me with your flag,*" said the knave. " *There was no stuff like this in that which I saw in my dream ; and besides I remarked at the time that something was wanting in that flag ; and what I have now taken, will only remedy the defect.*"

The Turks, who are seldom loquacious at any time, are particularly mute at their meals. " *J'amais,*" says the author, " *on ne parle en mangeant,*" and two or three " *God be praised's,*" uttered whilst they are stirring their coffee, are the only words which escape the lips of a Turk whilst he is at his meals. They give the preference to unleavened bread : mutton is their most usual meat. " They

kill their calves at too early an age; and they seldom eat of beef or of fish."

'The common people are content with pulse, such as rice, peeled wheat, peas, lentils; they make also great use of honey and sugar, of all kind of spices and particularly pepper. In one word the Turks are particularly fond of fresh or dried fruits or greens.' * * * 'Their common dish is pilau, which is made of rice or peeled wheat boiled in water. After this is strained they add a little butter. This is the principal subsistence of the military; it is good, light, easy of digestion, and readily prepared. In order to render the pilau more nutritious, they mix it with broth, or slices of mutton. The ordinary allowance of a soldier is, a small portion of bread or biscuit with a little piece of cheese, some oil or some olives, and onions. They rarely taste meat, except it be in their pilau.'

At table each of the guests has a flat piece of bread like an omlet, and two spoons placed before him. The dishes are served up one after the other; when they are of a liquid nature, they make use of their spoons, or otherwise, each takes what he wants and eats with his hand. The practice is to serve up butchers'-meat cut in small pieces, but fowls are served up whole, when the master of the house separates them with his fingers, and distributes the pieces to his guest.

The following account is given of the sultan's meals which do not take place at any fixed hour, but as his appetite prompts; and the officers of his kitchen are always ready to minister to his wants.

'He sits cross-legged on some cushions, with a large napkin spread over his knees, and another on his right arm for the purpose of wiping his mouth and fingers. His table is placed on the ground before him. It is very low and consists of a *plateau* of massy silver, with a narrow border, and turns on a pivot. Near him are placed several cakes of hot bread made of fine flour and kneaded with goats' milk. The *maitre-d'hotel* tastes the dishes before they are taken to his *highness*; and another officer, kneeling on his knees, places them on the table. There is no occasion for any one to come, as the whole is so well cooked that the sultan helps himself with his fingers without making use of a knife and fork. The dishes which are most in request are, young pigeons, chickens, mutton, roast or boiled. Pastry, and confectionary constitute his dessert. He eats no fruit nor cheese except at his *colations*. He is surrounded with mutes and buffoons. These last keep their eyes fixed upon him without uttering a word; but endeavour to divert him by *making faces*, and by other antics. He sometimes throws a piece of bread at them, which is reckoned a signal mark of his favour.

The ordinary drink of the sultan is iced sherbet, which is composed of the juice of different fruits and particularly the citron, with an addition of sugar.'

M. Castellan appears to have condensed into these six elegant little volumes, the substance of a good many books. The materials, which he has culled from different quarters, he has put together in an agreeable form. In some particulars he seems to have been led into the common errors respecting Turkey; as the stately reserve, retired habits, and characteristic taciturnity of the government and the people have given rise to a variety of fictions. Many Turkish travellers have been willing to describe what they never saw and to detail that of which they had no knowledge, rather than to confess the scantiness of their information or the profoundness of their ignorance. The plates are a valuable addition to the work.

ART. II.—*The Life of Lord Nelson.* By Robert Southey. London: Murray, 1813. 2 Vols. 12mo. 10s.

IN our journal for August 1810, and for September of the same year, we gave a pretty copious account of the life of Lord Nelson by the Rev. J. S. Clarke, F. R. S. and J. M'Arthur, Esq. L. L. D., in two volumes 4to. of very stately bulk. A work of that magnitude was but ill calculated for the general reader; but the life of Lord Nelson is certainly one which a great mass of our countrymen, not only in the navy, but out of the navy, would wish to read. Mr. Southey has, therefore, we have no doubt, rendered a very acceptable service to a numerous class of his majesty's liege subjects, who are either rolling on the ocean, or idling on *terra-firma*, by the present more compendious and more portable life of the greatest maritime hero whom England ever produced. In two very neat pocket volumes our present author has compressed a sufficiently full and detailed account of the gallant achievements of Lord Nelson; and his narrative is so stripped of all extraneous matter and superfluous circumstances, and the hero himself is so uniformly made the prominent object of the picture, that the present appears to us a very interesting piece of biography; and we believe that there are few persons who peruse the first page of the first volume, who will not have the edge of their intellectual appetite whetted to proceed to the last page of the second.

As we have already enumerated the principal particu-

lars in the life of Lord Nelson, in our review of the performance of Messrs. Clarke and M^r Arthur mentioned above, we shall not accompany Mr. Southey with much regularity or minuteness in his present narrative, but shall select such parts of it as are more peculiarly interesting, or such traits as place the character of the British hero in a light somewhat different from that of his former biographers. As far as we can judge, one very honourable characteristic of the present life is impartiality. The author is not so far dazzled by the glory of Lord Nelson as to be blind to his defects. Mr. Southey has an eagle's, or rather perhaps he would wish us to say, a poet's eye; and he has ventured to look full and fixedly upon the sunny radiance of Nelson's fame; and has both seen and marked the blots of infirmity, by which it was partially obscured. If Mr. Southey had not noted the occasional or partial defects of Nelson, he would have been wanting in biographical probity, which, though often violated, is always to be praised where it is found, while the want of it ought never to pass without rigid animadversion or severe reproof.

Nelson was severely wounded on the head at the battle of the Nile, and it was feared that fatal consequences would ensue.

* * 'A large flap of the skin of the forehead, cut from the bone, had fallen over one eye; and the other being blind, he was in total darkness. When he was carried down, the surgeon, in the midst of a scene scarcely to be conceived by those who have never seen a cockpit in the time of action, and the heroism which is displayed amidst its horrors,—with a natural and pardonable eagerness, quitted the poor fellow then under his hands, that he might instantly attend the admiral. "No!" said Nelson, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows." Nor would he suffer his own wound to be examined till every man, who had been previously wounded, was properly attended to.'

It gives us great pleasure to repeat this trait of magnanimity which must irresistibly have won the hearts of the poor fellows who were bleeding near him; and have almost made them forget their own individual sufferings, in their admiration of his generous sympathy. When Nelson's wound was examined and he was declared out of danger, there was an unfeigned expression of joy amongst the whole crew. As Nelson remarked, 'victory was hard to a name strong enough for the result of this memorable engagement with the French fleet. It amounted almost to a total capture or destruction of the force of the enemy;

for of thirteen sail of the line, nine were taken and two burnt; of the four frigates, one burnt another sunk.'

'Had Nelson,' says his present biographer, 'been provided with small craft, nothing could have prevented the destruction of the store-ships and transports in the port of Alexandria;—four bomb-vessels would, at that time, have burnt the whole in a few hours. "Were I to die this moment," said he in his despatches to the Admiralty, "*want of frigates* would be found stamped on my heart! No words of mine can express what I have suffered, and am suffering for want of them."

After this signal triumph over the French, a profusion of presents and honours, from different courts and governments, Christian and Mahometan, Catholic and Protestant, was showered on the hero by whom it was achieved. The Grand Seignior was amongst the foremost, in testifying his gratitude for this victory over the "swinish infidels" who had invaded his Egyptian provinces. He presented the British admiral with

'a pelisse of sable, with broad sleeves, valued at five thousand dollars; and a diamond aigrette, valued at eighteen thousand; the most honourable badge among the Turks; and, in this instance, more especially honourable, because it was taken from one of the royal turbans. "If it were worth a million," said Nelson to his wife, "my pleasure would be to see it in your possession." The sultan also sent, in a spirit worthy of imitation, a purse of two thousand sequins, to be distributed among the wounded. The mother of the sultan sent him a box, set with diamonds, valued at one thousand pounds.' * * *

By his own government Nelson was rewarded with the title of "Baron Nelson of the Nile and Burnham Thorpe," and "with a pension of £2000, for his own life and those of his two immediate successors." "Gold medals were distributed to the captains, and the first lieutenants of all the ships were promoted, as had been done after Lord Howe's victory." Nelson exerted himself to the utmost that the captain and first-lieutenant of the *Culloden*, which ship had unfortunately run aground and could take no part in the action, should not be passed by because they had not been actually engaged. The zeal and friendship which he manifested on this occasion, plac his character in a very amiable light. He represented to the Admiralty, in the strongest terms, that Captain Trowbridge's conduct was as justly entitled to distinction, as that of any officer in the fleet.

'It was Trowbridge,' said he 'who equipped the squadron so soon at Syracuse: it was Trowbridge who exerted himself for me after the action: it was Trowbridge who saved the *Cullo-*

den, when none that I know in the service would have attempted it.'

The gold medal, therefore, by the king's express desire, was given to Captain Trowbridge, "for his services both before and since, and for the great and wonderful exertions which he made at the time of action, in saving and getting off his ship." The private letter from the Admiralty to Nelson, informed him that the first-lieutenants of all the ships engaged, were to be promoted. Nelson instantly wrote to the first lord of the admiralty.

'I sincerely hope,' said he 'this is not intended to exclude the first lieutenant of the Culloden.—For heaven's sake,—for my sake,—if it be so, get it altered. Our dear friend Trowbridge has endured enough. His sufferings were, in every respect, more than any of us.'

After the battle of the Nile, Nelson proceeded to Naples, where his victory had occasioned the most frantic joy; and where he was welcomed, on his arrival, with every demonstration of gratitude which the court could shew. It was on this occasion that his transient acquaintance with Lady Hamilton, whom he had seen only for a few days about four years before, was quickly converted, either by the arts of the lady or the destiny of the hero, into a passion, the ardor of which, at least on his part, has hardly any parallel even in romance. After having subdued the French at Aboukir, Nelson was himself as completely subdued by one of the daughters of Eve in the bay of Naples. Nelson had too much of the frank, open-hearted character of the British sailor, to guard against the Sirens on that treacherous coast. He forgot the story of Ulysses; and he approached the shore without having his ears sealed with wax or his body lashed to the mast. He went, he saw, he heard the Siren in the form of a British fair, and he was spell-bound for ever! When the Vanguard, Nelson's ship, approached the bay of Naples, Lady Hamilton, in her barge, coming along-side, "at the sight of Nelson sprang up at the ship's side, and exclaiming, O God! is it possible! fell into his arms,—more, he says, like one dead than alive." Nelson described the meeting as "*terribly affecting*." The lady seems to have acted her part well, both in this instance and in the sequel. From this period we may regard Nelson as caught in the toils of feminine fascination. Henceforth Lady Hamilton became the constant object of his tender solicitude and his ardent admiration. Her witcheries, at times, wrought his mind up to the highest pitch of amorous devotion; and no knight-

errant, even under the meridian of chivalry, was ever more subservient to the will, or the caprice of the mistress he adored.

Nelson, even after he had begun to be entangled in the web of artifice which Lady H. was sedulously contriving in order to hold him in durance soft, but vile, seems, at this period, to have had a very contemptible idea of the people and government of Naples, though he afterwards, under the influence of the above-mentioned lady, became an auxiliary in the perfidious cruelty of the court.

'What precious moments,' said he 'the courts of Naples and Vienna are losing! Three months would liberate Italy; but this court is so enervated, that the happy moment will be lost. I am very unwell, and their miserable conduct is not likely to cool my irritable temper. It is a country of fiddlers and poets, whores and scoundrels.'

The French after this got possession of Naples, owing to the imbecility and corruption of the government, and the cowardice or treachery, or both combined, of General Mack. Nelson had early the sagacity to discover the total insufficiency of this man for the high post in which he was placed. 'When Mack,' says Mr. Southey, 'was introduced by the king and queen (of Naples) to the British admiral, the queen said to him, "Be to us by land, general, what my hero Nelson has been by sea." Mack, on his part, did not fail to praise the force which he was appointed to command: "It was," he said, "the finest army in Europe." Nelson agreed with him that there could not be finer men: but when the general, at a review, so directed the operations of a mock fight, that, by an unhappy blunder, his own troops were surrounded instead of those of the enemy, he turned to his friends and exclaimed, with bitterness, that the fellow did not understand his business. Another circumstance, not less characteristic, confirmed Nelson in this judgment. "General Mack," said he, in one of his letters, "cannot move without five carriages! I have formed my opinion. I heartily pray I may be mistaken."

The royal family of Naples were, soon after this, obliged to fly their kingdom and seek refuge in Palermo, whither they were conducted by Lord Nelson. Mack, though at the head of what he had but lately called the "finest army in Europe," deserted to the French General, Championnet, "under pretext of taking shelter from the fury," or rather the incensed patriotism of the lazzaroni who alone proved true to their country in this crisis of her fate. When the royal family of Naples were afterwards enabled to return to their capital, that event was preceded by cir-

cumstances which reflect great disgrace upon Lord Nelson: and which Mr. Southey has very faithfully recorded, and very properly condemned. In the transaction to which we allude, the malignant influence of Lady Hamilton on the mind of the British admiral is but too apparent; and it grieves us to think that the blandishments of beauty should, for a moment, have rendered him insensible to the dictates of justice and humanity.

Whilst Lord Nelson was absent on another service, 'Captain Foote, in the *Seahorse*, with the Neapolitan frigates, and some small vessels, under his command, was left to act with a land force, consisting of a few regular troops, of four different nations, and with the armed rabble which Cardinal Ruffo called the Christian army. His directions were, to co-operate to the utmost of his power with the royalists, at whose head Ruffo had been placed; and had no other instructions whatever.'

The castles of Uovo and Nuovo, which commanded the anchorage in the bay of Naples and of which it was, at the time, a point of great importance to obtain possession, had agreed to capitulate on terms which were proposed to the garrison by Cardinal Ruffo. This capitulation was accepted, and "signed by the cardinal and the Russian and Turkish commanders; and lastly, by Captain Foote as commander of the British force." When Nelson shortly afterwards arrived in the bay, he annulled the treaty which had been thus solemnly concluded. The cardinal, like a man of honour, earnestly remonstrated against the infraction of this agreement; but he was compelled to yield to the authority of Nelson, whose arguments were seconded by those of Sir W. and Lady Hamilton.

'Captain Foote was sent out of the bay; and the garrisons, taken out of the castles, under pretence of carrying the treaty into effect, were delivered over as rebels to the vengeance of the Sicilian court.—A deplorable transaction! A stain upon the memory of Nelson, and the honour of England! To palliate it would be in vain; to justify it would be wicked: there is no alternative, for one who will not make himself a participator in guilt, but to record the disgraceful story with sorrow and with shame.'

But the conduct of Nelson in the trial and execution of Prince Caraccioli, an aged Neapolitan nobleman of high character and great worth, deserves no less severity of condemnation than in the transaction which we have just mentioned. Prince Caraccioli, who was at the head of the marine, had been constrained to serve under the revolutionary government which had been established by the

French, had been seized and carried on board Lord Nelson's ship, where Sir W. and Lady Hamilton then were. Nelson

' issued an order to the Neapolitan commodore, Count Thurn, to assemble a court-martial of Neapolitan officers, on board the British flag-ship, proceed immediately to try the prisoner, and report to him, if the charges were proved, what punishment he ought to suffer. These proceedings were as rapid as possible; Caraccioli was brought on board at nine in the forenoon, and the trial began at ten. It lasted two hours: he averred in his defence, that he had acted under compulsion, having been compelled to serve as a common soldier, till he consented to take command of the fleet. This, the apologists of Lord Nelson say, he failed in proving. They forget that the possibility of proving it was not allowed him; for he was brought to trial within an hour after he was legally in arrest; and how, in that time, was he to collect his witnesses? He was found guilty, and sentenced to death; and Nelson gave orders that the sentence should be carried into effect that evening, at five o'clock, on board the Sicilian frigate *La Minerva*, by hanging him at the fore-yard-arm till sunset; when the body was to be cut down and thrown into the sea. Caraccioli requested Lieutenant Parkinson, under whose custody he was placed, to intercede with Lord Nelson for a second trial,—for this, among other reasons, that Count Thurn, who presided at the court-martial, was notoriously his personal enemy. Nelson made answer, that the prisoner had been fairly tried by the officers of his own country, and he could not interfere: forgetting that, if he felt himself justified in ordering the trial and the execution, no human being could ever have questioned the propriety of his interfering on the side of mercy. Caraccioli then entreated that he might be shot.—“I am an old man, sir,” said he: “I leave no family to lament me, and therefore cannot be supposed to be very anxious about prolonging my life; but the disgrace of being hanged is dreadful to me.” When this was repeated to Nelson, he only told the lieutenant, with much agitation, to go and attend his duty. As a last hope, Caraccioli asked the lieutenant, if he thought an application to Lady Hamilton would be beneficial? Parkinson went to seek her: she was not to be seen on this occasion,—but she was present at the execution. She had the most devoted attachment to the Neapolitan court; and the hatred which she felt against those whom she regarded as its enemies, made her, at this time, forget what was due to the character of her sex, as well as of her country. Here, also, a faithful historian is called upon to pronounce a severe and unqualified condemnation of Nelson's conduct. Had he the authority of his Sicilian Majesty for proceeding as he did? If so, Why was not that authority produced? If not, Why were the pro-

ceedings hurried on without it? Why was the trial precipitated, so that it was impossible for the prisoner, if he had been innocent, to provide the witnesses, who might have proved him so? Why was a second trial refused, when the known animosity of the president of the court against the prisoner was considered? Why was the execution hastened so as to preclude any appeal for mercy, and render the prerogative of mercy useless? Doubtless the British admiral seemed to himself to be acting under a rigid sense of justice; but, to all other persons, it was obvious that he was influenced by an infatuated attachment,—a baneful passion, which destroyed his domestic happiness, and now, in a second instance, stained ineffaceably his public character.

‘The body was carried out to a considerable distance, and sunk in the bay, with three double-headed shot, weighing 250 pounds, tied to its legs. Between two and three weeks afterward, when the king was on board the *Foudroyant*, a Neapolitan fisherman came to the ship, and solemnly declared that Caraccioli had risen from the bottom of the sea, and was coming, as fast as he could, to Naples, swimming half out of the water. Such an account was listened to like a tale of idle credulity. The day being fair, Nelson, to please the king, stood out to sea: but the ship had not proceeded far before a body was distinctly seen, upright in the water, and approaching them. It was soon recognized to be, indeed, the corpse of Caraccioli, which had risen, and floated, while the great weights attached to the legs kept the body in a position like a living man. A fact so extraordinary astonished the king, and perhaps excited some feelings of superstitious fear, akin to regret. He gave permission for the body to be taken on shore, and receive Christian burial. It produced no better effect. Naples exhibited more dreadful scenes than it had witnessed in the days of Massaniello. After the mob had had their fill of blood and plunder, the reins were given to justice;—if that can be called justice which annuls its own stipulations, looks to the naked facts alone, disregarding all motives and all circumstances; and, without considering character, or science, or sex, or youth, sacrifices its victims, not for the public weal, but for the gratification of greedy vengeance.’

Nelson displayed his usual zeal and ability in driving the French from the Neapolitan states, and the then deliverance of these states from those oppressors, is more owing to his vigour and enterprize than to any other cause. On this occasion he was ably seconded by Captain Trowbridge and the other officers of the navy. The Neapolitans seemed to have little will or spirit to do any thing for themselves. When Trowbridge was engaged in the siege of St. Elmo, he declared that, he had more difficulties

to overcome in the character of the Neapolitans than in the strength of the place or the skill of the French. "Such damned cowards and villains," he declared, "he had never seen before." Though Nelson had been successful in expelling the French from Naples, 'he deceived himself,' as Mr. Southey remarks, 'when he imagined that he had seated Ferdinand firmly on his throne, and that he had restored happiness to millions. These objects might have been accomplished if it had been possible to inspire virtue and wisdom into a vicious and infatuated court; and if Nelson's eyes had not been, as it were, spell bound, by that unhappy attachment, which had now completely mastered him, he would have seen things as they were; and might, perhaps, have awakened the Sicilian court to a sense of their interest, if not of their duty. That court employed itself in a miserable round of folly and festivity, while the prisons of Naples were filled with groans, and the scaffolds streamed with blood.'

At the battle of Copenhagen, Nelson exhibited a degree of heroism which proceeded at least to the very verge of temerity. It was, however, justified by the success; and, with many, this seems the only rule for appreciating actions of this extraordinary kind. When Nelson's 'signal lieutenant called out, that No. 39, (the signal for discontinuing the action) was thrown out by the commander in chief, he continued to walk the deck, and appeared to take no notice of it. The signal officer met him at the next turn, and asked if he should repeat it. "No," he replied, "acknowledge it." Presently he called after him, to know if the signal for close action was still hoisted; and being answered in the affirmative, said, "Mind you keep it so." He now paced the deck, moving the stump of his lost arm in a manner which always indicated great emotion. "Do you know," said he to Mr. Ferguson, "what is shown on board the commander in chief? Number 39!" Mr. Ferguson asked what that meant.—"Why, to leave off action!" Then, shrugging up his shoulders, he repeated the words—"Leave off action? Now damn me if I do! You know, Foley," turning to the captain, "I have only one eye,—I have a right to be blind sometimes:"—and then putting the glass to his blind eye, in that mood of mind which sports with bitterness, he exclaimed, "I really do not see the signal!" Presently he exclaimed, "Damn the signal! Keep mine for closer battle flying! That's the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast!"

Nelson embraced a favourable opportunity during the action to open a negotiation, and retiring into the stern gallery, he

'wrote thus to the crown prince: "Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson

has been commanded to spare Denmark, when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies, of the English." A wafer was given to him; but he ordered a candle to be brought from the cockpit, and sealed the letter with wax, affixing a larger seal than he ordinarily used. "This," said he, "is no time to appear hurried and informal."

This negociation ultimately led to an armistice. In one of his interviews with the crown prince, Nelson told him, "that he had been in an hundred and five engagements, but that this was the most tremendous of all." "The French," he said, "fought bravely; but they could not have stood for one hour the fight which the Danes had supported for four." This had been indeed a murderous action; for the killed and wounded, on board the British ships, amounted to "nine hundred and fifty-three."

During the short peace of Amiens, Nelson resided at a house which he had purchased at Merton, in Surrey, and appears to have intended to "pass his days there, in the society of Sir William and Lady Hamilton." But Sir. W. H. died early in 1803, at the age of seventy-nine.

'He expired,' says Mr. Southey, 'in his wife's arms, holding Nelson by the hand; and, almost in his last words, left her to his protection; requesting him that he would see justice done her by the government, as he knew what she had done for her country. He left him her portrait in enamel, calling him his dearest friend,' &c. &c. &c.

When the war was renewed, Nelson was sent to take the command of the Mediterranean fleet. He took his station off Toulon to watch the French fleet in that harbour. This was altogether a very arduous service, and required the utmost patience and perseverance, in which he excelled as well as in other more active and enterprising qualities.

'From May 1803 to August 1805, he himself went out of his ship but three times; each of those times was upon the king's service, and neither time of absence exceeded an hour. The weather had been so unusually severe, that, he said, the Mediterranean seemed altered. It was his rule never to contend with the gales; but either run to the southward, to escape their violence, or furl all the sails, and make the ships as easy as possible. The men, though he said flesh and blood could hardly stand it, continued in excellent health, which he ascribed, in great measure, to a plentiful supply of lemons and onions.'

The commander of the French fleet, M. Latouche Treville, is said to have occasioned his death, 'by walking so often to the signal post upon Sepet, to watch the British fleet. "I always pronounced this would be his death," said Nelson. "If he had come out and fought me, it would, at least, have added ten years to my life."

When news arrived in this country that the combined fleets had entered the harbour of Cadiz after the indecisive action of the French with Sir Robert Calder, Nelson was then at his seat at Merton.

'Captain Blackwood, on his way to London with despatches, called on him at five in the morning. Nelson, who was already dressed, exclaimed, the moment he saw him: "I am sure you bring me news of the French and Spanish fleets! I think I shall yet have to beat them." They had refitted at Vigo, after the indecisive action with Sir Robert Calder; then proceeded to Ferrol, brought out the squadron from thence, and with it entered Cadiz in safety. "Depend on it, Blackwood," he repeatedly said, "I shall yet give M. Villeneuve a drubbing." But, when Blackwood had left him, he wanted resolution to declare his wishes to Lady Hamilton and his sisters, and endeavoured to drive away the thought.—He had done enough; he said,—“Let the man trudge it who has lost his budget!” His countenance belied his lips; and as he was pacing one of the walks in the garden, which he used to call the quarter-deck, Lady Hamilton came up to him, and told him she saw he was uneasy. He smiled, and said; “No, he was as happy as possible; he was surrounded by his family, his health was better since he had been on shore, and he would not give sixpence to call the king his uncle.” She replied, that she did not believe him,—that she knew he was longing to get at the combined fleets,—that he considered them as his own property,—that he would be miserable if any man but himself did the business; and that he ought to have them, as the price and reward of his two years' long watching, and his hard chase. “Nelson,” said she, “however we may lament your absence, offer your services:—they will be accepted, and you will gain a quiet heart by it: you will have a glorious victory, and then you may return here and be happy.” He looked at her with tears in his eyes;—“Brave Emma!—Good Emma!—If there were more Emmas, there would be more Nelsons.”

Before the battle of Trafalgar, when they were clearing for action, and the portrait of Lady Hamilton which hung in his cabin, and on which he was wont to gaze with the most extravagant fondness, was taken down, he told the men who removed it, “to take care of his guardian angel.” “In this manner he frequently spoke of it, as if he believed

there were a virtue in the image. He wore a miniature of her also next his heart."

Mr. Southey has given a very distinct and interesting description of the battle of Trafalgar, and of the death of Lord Nelson. We will extract the account of his death.

'It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the Redoubtable, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder,—about a quarter after one, just in the heat of the action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not!" cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied; "my back bone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed; as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately:—then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars.—Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar.

'The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men; over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's birth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all, except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself, being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood which he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful. "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me."—All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade, to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the Victory hurraed; and, at every hurra, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance, of the

dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!"—An hour and ten minutes elapsed, from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful, and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?"—"Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon the Victory. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."—"I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There was no fear." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he: "I am going fast;—it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh no!" he replied: "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him; and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

'By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast,"—putting his hand on his left side,—"which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great? he replied, "So great, that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" And after a few minutes, in the same under tone, he added: "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation." Next to his country, she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cock-pit, returned; and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly;—but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said: "Anchor, Hardy; anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy!" said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed: "Do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice,

"Don't throw me overboard:" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then, reverting to private feelings: "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy: take care of poor Lady Hamilton."—"Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down, and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two; then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him—for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said: "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain: "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner:" and, after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton, and my daughter Horatia, as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult! but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he had repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four, . . . three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

Nelson was altogether a man of many great and many amiable qualities. His heroism was of the most sublime species, because it was seldom, indeed we believe never, except in the two instances which we have mentioned, separated from the most refined sentiments of humanity, and from a sort of hallowed impression of a providential Governor of the world. His devotion, for he was perpetually devout, was equally remote from the chilly feeling of philosophical skepticism, and from the torrid fervor of fanatical delusion. His courage was not the effect of an unreflecting mind, nor of physical insensibility. In all his plans he shewed great quickness of discernment and comprehension of view. He did not rush blindly into danger without calculating the means of resistance, or the adaptation of his strength to the foe which he had to subdue, or the obstacles to overcome. But he knew and felt the resources of his own genius; and what might have been regarded only as precipitate rashness in minds of an inferior order, was often only sober daring in him. He might, without any charge of temerity, rush upon a hydra, where it would be a sufficient degree of enterprise in other men to attack a snake. His daring assault upon Copenhagen is, in point of wisdom, the most questionable of all his enterprises; but, if wisdom be justified of her children, in this case the wisdom was proved by the result. What might have been

fool-hardiness in a common commander, was prospective sagacity in him.

The two specks in the sun of Nelson's glory, of the broadest surface and the deepest die, are the transactions which we have mentioned in the bay of Naples. Here, even his sense of justice and his feeling of humanity, both of which appear uniformly to have governed his conduct in other parts of his life, were, for a moment, forgotten, that he might yield a base and unworthy compliance with the wishes of the fair sorceress by whom his affections were beguiled. But, if the heart of Nelson were not made of stuff sufficiently stern to withstand the blandishments of Lady Hamilton, let him not be censured with bitterness nor condemned without mercy. No one, who has not been in similar circumstances, can measure the force of the temptation with which he had to contend, or the variety of the lures by which he was finally overcome. Let it be remembered that there are often partial defects in great characters, which are a sort of tax which they pay to the vulgar mass as the price of their elevation. They thus, in some measure, tend to preserve the equilibrium of humanity. For, if there were any characters so great or so brilliant as to be without any defects or blots, who, after contemplating them, would be able to endure the rest of his species?

If Nelson became in any degree the victim of a particular infirmity, let it not be forgotten that this infirmity has been the accompaniment of men as great, or greater, than himself. Athens never produced a greater man than Pericles; but even Pericles was sometimes befooled by the witcheries of Beauty in the form of Aspasia. Who does not recollect that Alexander was, sometimes, blind to the view of glory, deaf to the voice of fame, and torpid to all the nobler impulses of ambition in the arms of a courtesan? Ambition never burned with a more impetuous flame in any breast than in that of Cæsar; but even in the breast of Cæsar, the desire of subduing the world was, for an interval, smothered, if not extinguished, by the softer blandishments of Cleopatra.

We say not this to apologize for the temporary deviation from rectitude of the hero of the Nile and of Trafalgar; but we do say, that his infirmity has been that of many noble minds. Those who have not intellect enough to estimate his other excellencies, may, if they please, indulge their malignity in carping at this defect. We may suggest

it as a problem for the solution of the curious, whether Nelson would have been altogether more estimable if the ingredients of his character had been mingled in different proportions: or if his excellencies had been in any considerable degree less balanced by his defects. He had some vice, but he had more virtue: and who is there, in the average of human instances, with so much of the one, or so little of the other? Nelson had not sufficient virtue to be regarded as a prodigy: but had he sufficient vice to incur our detestation? We admire him as transcendently brave; but can we also altogether help regarding him as an amiable character? He was not a saint, but he was a hero; and, what is better for human happiness, he was a friendly and an honest man.

ART. III.—*Fauna Orcadensis ; or, the natural History of the Quadrupeds, Birds, Reptiles, and Fishes of Orkney and Shetland. By the Rev. George Low, Minister of Birsay and Haray. From a Manuscript in the possession of Wm. Elford Leach, M. D. F. L. S. &c. London, Longman, 1813, 4to. £1. 1s.*

FEW particulars appear to be known respecting the deceased author of the present *Fauna Orcadensis*; but the few, which are stated in the advertisement, we shall give in the words of the respectable editor of the work.

‘ Mr. Low was born, in 1746, in the parish of Edzel, in Forfarshire. After prosecuting his studies at the colleges of Aberdeen and St. Andrew’s, he became tutor in the family of a gentleman of the name of GRAHAM, at Stromness, in Orkney. While he remained at this place, SIR JOSEPH (then Mr.) BANKS, and DR. SOLANDER, touched at the islands, on their return from the last and ill-fated voyage of discovery, in which Captain Cooke fell. Mr. Low, having early acquired a taste for natural history, was much noticed by these distinguished philosophers, and was requested to accompany them in their excursions through the Orkneys, and also to the Shetland islands, which he did. On the 14th of December, 1774, Mr. Low was ordained minister of Birsay and Haray, a parish in Pomona, or the main land of Orkney. The duties of this charge he continued to fulfil throughout the remainder of his life. In 1775 he married Miss Helen Tyrie, only daughter of the Rev. James Tyrie, minister of Stromness and Landwick. The death of this lady, which happened in child-bed the year after the marriage, deeply affected Mr. Low, and it is believed he found consolation chiefly in that devotion to the pursuits of

natural history for which he was remarkable. During the last nineteen years of his life, he continued to labour in the study of Nature, and his success was certainly creditable, considering the many disadvantageous circumstances against which, in his remote situation, he had to strive.

Mr. Low's manuscripts, amongst which were, besides the present work, a *Flora Orcadensis*, a 'Tour through the Islands of Orkney and Shetland, containing hints relating to their ancient, modern, and natural history,' and a translation of Torfæus's History of Orkney, were dispersed after his death. Dr. Leach, who happened to procure the MSS. of the *Fauna Orcadensis*, has rendered a service to the lovers of natural history by its publication.

The present work affords sufficient evidence to prove that Mr. Low was a diligent and acute observer of nature; and many of his remarks show great good sense, penetration, and the accurate research of a mind averse from every species of deception, and laboriously studious of truth.

The contents of this volume are arranged under the four classes of Quadrupeds, Birds, Reptiles, and Fishes, with their different genera and species, described with perspicuity and distinctness. We shall exhibit a few specimens. In his account of the domestic animals, Mr. Low mentions that the sheep experiences but little care or attention from the inhabitants of the Orkneys. Mr. Low says that these mild and gentle animals are 'Left to every storm, and to perish by every enemy. The eagles and ravens destroy them, while lambs, in numbers; the storms of winter and the sea, to which they are obliged to fly, in this inclement season, for a meal, kill them in hundreds; but this is nothing but accident, nor equal to the tyranny practised over them by their pretended lord, man, to whom they owe nothing, even so much as shelter. He is not content with what they can easily spare, and that without complaint, their yearly tribute; but all their lives are sooner or later, at his call, and required with the greatest severity. Not even content with this last sacrifice they make him, he (here) uses them with the greatest cruelty, in receiving their offered and grateful price of a little longer liberty. About Midsummer there is a particular day published for rowing, when all the men in the parish, attended with their dogs, turn out, and drive the whole flock, without any preparation of washing, into narrow pens, and from thence, I may say, to the place of execution, where the wool is torn (not shorn) off their backs, an operation which brings the whole blood into their skin, and is not only disgusting, but, if the season proves hard, is the cause of great destruction. But

however cruel it may seem, it is almost the only notice that is taken of these useful animals, by their unfeeling masters, till that time twelvemonth.'

'The mutton is here in general but ordinary, owing to the sheep feeding much on sea-ware, to procure which these creatures show a wonderful sagacity; for no sooner has the tide of ebb begun to run, but they, though at a great distance, immediately betake themselves, full speed, one and all, to the shore, where they continue till it begins to flow, when they as regularly retire. The wool of the Orkney sheep is short, but fine, inasmuch, that stockings made of some of it, and often washed, become like a sort of felt. It is manufactured into coarse cloth, stuffs, coarse and very fine stockings, of all which small quantities are exported, or consumed amongst ourselves.'

The Orkney hog is of a remarkably small breed. The back is covered with

'Very large and long bristles,' the ears are 'erect and sharp pointed,' and 'the nose surprisingly strong.' 'They commonly go through the hills, feeding on the roots of plants, earth-worms, or what else they can pick up. When admitted among the corn grounds, they make vast havoc by rooting; seem to be much more mischievous in this way than the largest English breed, seldom leaving till they throw up a ditch large enough to bury half a dozen of them, which standing full of water all winter, does vast hurt to the grounds, though our farmers stiffly maintain the contrary. When killed from the mountain they make but ordinary meat, and yet they are seldom otherwise fed; when properly managed they make very good pork and ham, and are sold in quantities to the shipping, either in this manner, or quite fresh from the knife. An Orkney swine seldom weighs above sixty or seventy pounds, and this is sold to the stranger at two-pence per pound; however the country-people seldom receive from the butcher above four or five shillings sterling a head; oftener under than above. Of the hair they make, (notwithstanding its shortness) those ropes with which they let one another over the steepest and highest rocks, in quest of wild-fowl and their eggs; and they tell us (with what truth I know not) they answer much better, and are less ready to gall on the rugged rocks, than the best hempen ones. However this may be, many of them are lost in these dreadful attempts, few of their professed climbers living out their days.'

Some of the smaller islands of Orkney are not infested with mice, and therefore have less need of cats. Hence it is an ancient tradition, but grounded on no authority, that cats will not live in some of the islands. The author thinks that the Orkneys were never visited either by foxes or wolves. Otters are frequently seen.

'They live upon cod-fish, conger-eel, or other fish in the

sea, and trout in the fresh waters; are very delicate, eat only the best parts of the fish, leaving the rest to be picked up by the country-people. They always shut their eyes while eating; are often then surprised and killed. A young gentleman in the neighbourhood, lately told me, he observed one on a sea-rock at his meal, upon which he walked straight up to him, and with a blow of a cudgel, so stunned him, that he put a strong rope about his neck, and led him home.'

The author gives a lively description of the motions and habits of the seal. This animal probably gave rise to the fiction of the mermaid.

'The seal swims with vast rapidity, and before a gale of wind is full of frolic, jumping and tumbling about, sometimes wholly throwing itself above water, performing many awkward gambols, and at last retiring to its wonted rock, or cavern, which it keeps possession of (if undisturbed by man), from its own species, (I have seen them often pushing one another down) and there continues till the storm is over. Seals seem to have a great deal of curiosity: if people are passing in boats, they often come quite close up to the boat, and stare at them, following for a long time together; if people are speaking loud, they seem to wonder what may be the matter. The church of Hoy, in Orkney, is situated near a small sandy bay, much frequented by these creatures; and I observed when the bell rung for divine service, all the seals within hearing swam directly for the shore, and kept looking about them, as if surprised, rather than frightened; and in this manner continued to wonder, as long as the bell rung.'

'Seals seem to be subject to a plague, or murrain. About four years ago they drove ashore round our coasts in scores; likewise in Caithness many of them were found dead. They were observed to cough much, make a sort of plaintive noise, and when they died and drove ashore, were much swelled, and appeared as if very fat, but when cut up were nothing but skin and bone.'

Rabbits abound in many of the Orkney islands. They are all of a 'brownish grey.' But those which keep constantly in the mountains are said to be 'hoary in winter.' 'At this season the fur is most valuable, and each skin is sold here for four-pence or five-pence, but when brought to a proper market will fetch six-pence.'

The author says that the rabbits of the Orkneys are not always able to endure the cold of their winters. In the hard weather they are often compelled to seek the sea-side, where they feed on the 'ware,' which 'gives their flesh a bad taste, and often kills them.' One of the most mischievous residents of the Orkneys is the Norway rat,

which swarms on, what is called, the main land. Nothing seems exempted from their depredations, which they carry on to an alarming extent, not only in the houses of the living, but in the mansions of the dead.

'This species,' says the author, has 'got such root in the burying-ground of Stromness, that there is no such thing as extirpating them.' 'A lady, some time ago, told a story of her having put by in a cask, seven hams of our Orkney swine, and some time after, having occasion to use some part of them, found a hole in the cask, and every one of them picked to the bone, with the skin left to cover it, no further damaged than to afford a passage for them; nay, there have been instances of children's toes being gnawn by these animals.'

The ring-tail eagle is very frequent in the hills of Orkney. This bird makes great havock among the lambs, pigs, rabbits, and poultry of these islands. A clergyman told our author that 'he met with one of them mounted in the air, with a pretty large pig in her talons, which she dropped alive upon his firing at her.' The sea-eagle, or osprey, is sometimes surprised on the low shores of the islands, feeding on fish which it has caught, or which the otter has left.

'I have often seen it soaring, at a vast height in the air, immediately over a conger or other fish, which has by any accident been left dry by the tide; and this may show us the vast strength of this creature's sight, which can take in such a small object at such a vast distance.'

The following is a specimen of Mr. Low's unaffected and agreeable mode of writing, which, at the same time, tends to mark the unvitiated simplicity of an amiable mind. He is speaking of the sky-lark.

'Though we cannot boast with more fortunate climates of the music of the nightingale, or the beauty of others of the feathered race, we are in great measure kept in countenance by the very early carols of this rural songster. The lark begins to sing with us on the first days of February, and continues most part of the summer, soaring very high, generally near its mate, whose toil of brooding is thus alleviated, and her spirits cheered with the voice of love. To rise with the lark is a proverbial expression, as old as Solomon; and indeed one must be an early riser who

'Hears the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled morn doth rise.

'Nothing, however, is more cheerful than a spring morning scene, though too seldom enjoyed by the politer part of the

world, who, for the most part lose the morning, the most valuable part of their time, and are obliged to eke it out with nightly dissipation. Nothing can be more conducive to the health, both of body and mind, than to start with the earliest dawn, to hear the enlivening music of the groves, mixed with the contented voice of labour, the whistle of the ploughman, and the lowing of the herds—to see the rising of the sun, and the smoking of the glebe. The lark loses his voice when the season of love is over, as do most of the wild birds, this being only indulged at that time to recommend themselves to their mistresses, and soften the fatigue of providing for their families.

‘Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love ;
That even to birds and beasts, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches.’

The islands of Orkney are not destitute of the Lapwing or Pewit, whose delicate, tapering form and graceful walk we have often admired.

‘The lapwing is one of the most anxious creatures for its young of any wild bird I know; in breeding time nothing frightens it; neither men nor dogs can terrify it from its haunts: though a very shy bird at other times, now it will strike at the head of the boldest invader, and, with a vast clamour, defend its right to the marsh. Linnæus says it drives away the ravens; who pick out the eyes of the lambs. I suppose it is perfectly sensible of the manners of the raven, that he often meddles with its own eggs and birds, and thus considers him as its own enemy.’

Under the genus oyster-catcher, the author says of the sea-pie, that if it

‘Finds a limpet but a little way from the rock, it easily insinuates its bill between the shell and the rock, and brings it off in a moment. If the limpet is on its guard, and more firmly fastened, it knocks it off as dexterously as any fisherman when he wants it to bait his line.’

The flesh is not often eaten, as it has much of the taste of limpets, on which it feeds.

In speaking of the great Northern Diver, which is very common in the bays and harbours of the Orkneys, Mr. Low tells us he has not been able to ascertain how or where they breed. He remarks that they are rendered incapable of walking by the formation of their legs, ‘and the manner of placing them,’ and that no teasing will make them fly, for which their wings seem too small.

Amongst the species of gulls the author gives a lively

account of that of the Skua, which he first saw in Foula, 'an island to the westward of the Shetland Isles.'

'As I approached,' says he, 'the summits of the high mountains, I came near the Skua's quarters, which are affixed on the very peaks. I no sooner approached but I was attacked with so great fury, that every one of those who were with me, as well as myself, were obliged to do him obeisance at every stroke. He beat my dog entirely out of the pit, insomuch that he was obliged to run in among our legs for shelter, and could not be forced out again, for though bonxie (as he is here called) had some regard for us while we kept together, on him he had no mercy, every whip he fetched him made his own wings crack, and the dog crouch into the hollows of the moor, till we came up and relieved him. I followed one of them to some distance from the rest, which made me part good company, and received some very rude salutes for my imprudence from three of these birds that made at me with the utmost rage. I defended myself the best way I could with my gun, fired several times at them, but, as none dropped, the report did not startle them in the least, rather seemed to enrage them the more. When the inhabitants are looking after their sheep on the hills, the Skua often attacks them in such a manner, that they are obliged to defend themselves with cudgels held above their heads, on which it often kills itself. The method of life is much the same as in the parasitic gull (our former species), only this attacks the larger kind of gulls as the other does the lesser. By the most minute inquiry, could not find that it ever meddled either with its congeners or others to destroy them. Its fury seems to be more defensive than offensive. When we meet it at sea it seems to be a stupid like bird, and often swims within an oar's length of the boat.

'In Foula this is a privileged bird, no man will nor dare shoot it, under the penalty of sixteen shillings and eight-pence sterling, nor destroy its eggs. When they meet it at sea, whatever fish they have in the boat Skua always gets a share, and all this out of gratitude for beating off the eagle, who dares not venture to prey on the island during the breeding season. Skua indeed is not so strong as the former, but much more nimble, strikes at him without mercy with such effect, that he makes the eagle roar aloud, and his retreat is so sudden as to avoid all danger from his clumsier antagonist. I asked particularly whether Skua did not sometimes pay himself for defending their flocks, by taking a lamb now and then ; but one and all assured me they had never seen or heard of a single instance of his doing so.'

The greater tern is described as the caterer for the arctic gull ; for when the former has caught a small fish,

it utters a particular cry, which the arctic gull no sooner hears than he pursues the tern, which is forced to drop its prey when it is seized by the gull. The tern is often intercepted by this unsparing enemy in its way home to its young family, who are thus deprived of their promised and far-fetched sustenance.

Among the Petrels the shear-water is described as the principal prize which the 'rock-men' of Orkney obtain by descending or climbing the most tremendous precipices. In order to obtain the shear-water, a person 'Sitting on the brink of the rock, with a coil of rope made of hair, on his arm, will let his neighbour many fathoms over the steepest rocks, such as would make others shudder only to look at, and yet these people think no more of it than an airing; and though few years pass without some or other of them perishing, yet that never deters the survivors—such an influence has the love even of a little gain on the human mind, that not the most imminent dangers can deter them from pursuing it at all events, even though death stares them in the face every moment they are on these expeditions. The smallest accident may ruin them, the untwisting of the rope, the slipping of a noose, the rubbing of it on the rugged rocks,—all may, and sometimes are, fatal to the climbers; yet so venturesome are they, that they often let one another down small heights with straw ropes. Well might the poet call this a "horrid trade;" it is really dreadful to see people let over a rock several hundred fathoms height, with the deep below them, supported only by the single arm of their comrades, who have nothing to rest themselves against, but must depend on their strength for both their preservation: sometimes, indeed, both slip together.'

The Orkneys, though deprived of the luxurious products of softer climes, have some compensation in the absence of all 'venomous creatures above an insect,' and in not being infested with one of the serpent species.

The account which the author gives of the fishes which are found in the Orkneys, is as succinct and accurate as that of the quadrupeds and birds; and upon the whole we must again state this Fauna Orcadensis to form a valuable addition to our books on natural history.

ART. IV.—*Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London for the Year 1812, Part II.*

XII.—Observations of a second Comet, with Remarks on its Construction. By William Herschel, LL.D. F.R.S.

AT the time when the beautiful comet was the object
CRIT. REV. Vol. 4, July, 1813. D

of general observation, which formed the subject of Dr. Herschel's paper in the first part of this volume of the Philosophical Transactions, another was visible, much less replendent, and in appearance totally different from the first. This the doctor calls the *second comet*. The difference between the body of this and of the former comet, Dr. Herschel has described distinctly in the following passage.

'By way of comparing the two comets together, I viewed them alternately. The first, within a nebosity which in the form of a brilliant head was of great extent, had nothing resembling a nucleus: the light of this head was very gradually much brighter up to the very middle; its small planetary body being invisible. The second comet, on the contrary, although surrounded by a faint chevelure, seemed to be all nucleus; for the abrupt transition from the central light to that of the chevelure, would not admit of the idea of a gradual condensation of nebosity, such as I saw in the head of the first comet; but plainly pointed out that the nucleus and its chevelure were two distinct objects.'

Dr. Herschel has estimated the apparent diameter of the nucleus to be $5''.2744$. Its distance from the earth on the day when its apparent diameter was determined (the 20th of January) was 1.0867, the mean distance of the earth from the sun being 1; 'whence,' he says, 'we deduce a very remarkable consequence, which is, that the real diameter of its nucleus cannot be less than 2637 miles.'

About the nucleus of this second comet, there was a faint whitish scattered light, which may be called its *chevelure*. Had it not been for an extremely faint light in a direction opposite to the sun, this body would hardly have been entitled to the name of a comet; having rather the appearance of a planet seen through an atmosphere full of haziness.

The tail of this comet was nothing more than an extremely faint scattered light, in opposition to the sun.

The physical construction of this comet seemed to approach nearly to that of a planet. In its magnitude it bore a considerable proportion to the size of the planets; the diameter of its nucleus being nearly one-third of that of the earth. The light by which it was seen was probably also planetary; that is to say, reflected from the sun. This light possessed little density, so that it could not conveniently bear a high magnifying power.

Dr. Herschel concludes from analogy of the observations on the first comet, that the chevelure of the one consisted of the condensation of some remaining phosphoric

matter, suspended in the lower regions of an elastic transparent fluid, or atmosphere, extending probably far beyond the chevelure, without our being able to perceive it.

The doctor has conjectured that the action of the sun on comets at the time of their perihelion passage, is more or less conspicuous, according to the quantity of *unperihelioned* nebulous matter they contain. That of which an account is given in this paper, was of such a construction, that it was little more affected by a perihelion passage than a planet would have been. According to the doctor's hypothesis, then, this comet was in a very advanced state of consolidation, and had but a small share of phosphoric or nebulous matter in its construction. In this respect it was essentially different from the brilliant comet which was visible to us at the same time.

XIII. — Additional Experiments on the Muriatic and Oxymuriatic Acids. By William Henry, M. D. F. R. S. V. P. of the Lit. and Phil. Society, and Physician to the Infirmary, at Manchester.

From the experiments which Dr. Henry published in the Transactions for the year 1800, he had concluded that water entered into the composition of muriatic acid gas. The late controversy on the nature of this acid, has induced him to examine with more attention the accuracy of his result, and this examination has led him to the detection of an error in his former conclusion. A repetition of his experiments has convinced him, that under equal circumstances, precisely the same relative proportion of hydrogen gas is obtained by the electrization of muriatic acid gas, whether it has been exposed or not to the muriate of lime; and that its greatest amount is 1-16th or 1-14th of the original volume of the acid gas. No sensible heat is evolved by bringing muriate of lime into contact with muriatic acid gas; on which point Dr. Henry had also formerly fallen into an error.

Essentially, the changes produced by electrifying muriatic acid gas over mercury, are those which Dr. Henry has stated in his former paper, the volume of the gas contracts; muriate of mercury (calomel) is formed; and hydrogen is evolved. It seems also, that when a certain effect has been produced by electricity, nothing is gained by continuing the process; neither is more hydrogen evolved, nor can the contraction of bulk be carried any farther.

Three thousand discharges from a Leyden jar were

passed through $4\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches of muriatic acid gas in an apparatus which was closed by a glass stopper: when the process was finished, no traces of moisture could be perceived within the vessel, nor did it appear that any change of bulk had taken place. After absorbing the unchanged muriatic acid gas by a small quantity of water, a volume of gas remained, in which there were present 100 measures (each equal to one grain of mercury) of oxymuriatic acid gas, and 140 measures of hydrogen gas.

When this experiment is performed in contact with mercury, the oxymuriatic gas produced, unites with the mercury, and forms calomel; and in this way the production of hydrogen gas is much augmented. By electrization over quicksilver, 1-16th or 1-14th of hydrogen gas was generally evolved, while the quantity amounted only to 1-70th, when mercury was excluded. In this latter case, it is to be presumed, that when in a mixture of muriatic acid gas with hydrogen and oxymuriatic acid gases, the two latter come to bear a certain proportion to the former, they will be brought within the sphere of mutual agency; and will by the electric discharge reproduce muriatic acid. This point appears, in Dr. Henry's experiments, to be when the hydrogen and oxymuriatic acid, taken together, have the proportion to the muriatic acid, of about 1 to 35. This proportion being attained, the continuance of the electrization only operates in a circle.

It appears that when the muriatic acid gas is confined over mercury, the evolved hydrogen limits the effect of the electrization. When 30 measures of hydrogen gas were mixed with 400 of muriatic acid gas, electricity appeared to have no effect; the gas was found to contain the same quantity of muriatic gas as at the outset, and neither more nor less hydrogen. On this Dr. Henry remarks, 'To explain the event of this modification of the experiment, on the old theory, we may suppose that by the action of electricity a particle of water is decomposed, and that the atom of oxygen, forcibly repelled from that of hydrogen with which it was associated, finds another atom of hydrogen uninfluenced by the electric fluid, and within the sphere of its attraction. On the theory of Sir H. Davy, the same series of decomposition and recombinations may be assumed to take place between the oxymuriatic acid and hydrogen.'

In considering the theory of this experiment, Dr. Henry appears disposed to consider the hydrogen gas, produced in this experiment, as coming from the decomposition of muriatic acid. According to the theory of Sir H. Davy,

oxymuriatic acid being produced at the same time, is, upon a slight view of the subject, a confirmation of this theory. But it does not determine the question whether the hydrogen comes from water, as an elementary principle of muriatic acid, or not: nor, indeed, have any decisive experiments on this point been as yet devised.

When muriatic acid and oxygen gases are electrified together over mercury, there is a gradual diminution of their bulk, and the mercury becomes tarnished, precisely as by the contact of oxymuriatic acid. In this experiment water and oxymuriatic acid are produced. The water, combining with a portion of the undecomposed muriatic acid, is deposited in drops upon the inner surface of the vessel, in the state of liquid muriatic acid. These results may likewise be reconciled with either theory. According to the old theory, the oxygen unites with the real acid of muriatic gas, which becoming oxymuriatic acid, *deposits* water. On Sir H. Davy's theory the oxygen unites with the hydrogen of the muriatic acid, water is *composed*, and oxymuriatic acid is let loose. Dr. Henry has not been able to satisfy himself which of these views most exactly tallies with all the circumstances of the experiment.

XIV.—Of the Attraction of such Solids as are terminated by Planes; and of Solids of greatest Attraction. By Thomas Knight, Esq. Communicated by Sir H. Davy, LL. D. Sec. R. S.

The problem which Mr. Knight has here attempted to resolve is expressed in the most general terms, viz. *any solid, regular or irregular, terminated by plane surfaces, being given, to find both in quantity and direction, its action, on a point, given in position either within or without it.*

Mr. Knight first investigates formulæ for the attraction of triangles, of pyramids, and of prisms. This part of the problem being resolved, the attraction of complicated figures may be found by a partition of their elementary parts into more simple forms, each of which must have its action found separately. Having investigated the more simple cases, Mr. Knight applies the formulas to certain complex bodies, which, though not bounded by planes, have yet a natural connexion with the preceding part of the paper. Such are solids which have their sections, in one direction, continuous curves, whilst being cut in a different way, there results, from their intersection with a plane, a polygon, or rectangle, or some other right lined

figure. Mr. Knight has considered and determined the cases, where the central curve of this solid is a circle, a parabola, and of some other forms.

The last section of Mr. Knight's paper treats of solids of the greatest attraction.

XV. Of the Penetration of a Hemisphere, by an indefinite Number of equal and similar Cylinders. By Thomas Knight, Esq. Communicated by Sir Humphry Davy, LL. D. Sec. R. S.

XVI. On the Motions of the Tendrils of Plants. By Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq. F. R. S. In a Letter to the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. K. B. P. R. S.

The plants selected for these observations were the Virginia creeper, (the *ampelopsis quinquefolia* of Michaux), the ivy, and the common vine and pea.

The tendrils of the *ampelopsis* and of the ivy have the common property of receding from the light; they spring only from such parts of the stem as are fully, or partially shaded. A variety of experiments were made exposing the tendrils to the light in different situations. The result was uniform: the tendrils receded from light, and attached themselves, where there was an opportunity, to opaque bodies on the opposite side; but, with regard to the ivy, it was found necessary to place the different substances, to which it was proposed that the tendrils, or claws should attempt to attach themselves, almost in contact with the stems of the plants.

This property is not confined to the tendrils or claws of these plants: their stems also recede from light, and press against the opaque bodies, which nature intended to support and protect them.

The tendrils of vine have motions similar to those described, and appear to be to a great extent under the controul of light. But the tendrils of the *ampelopsis* almost immediately receded from light; and they did not subsequently show any disposition to approach the points, from which they once receded. The tendrils of the vine, on the contrary, varied their position in every period of the day, and after returned, during the night, to the situations they had occupied, in the preceding morning; and did not so immediately, nor so regularly, bend towards the shade of contiguous objects. The effects of contact upon them are almost immediately visible. The tendril

is made to bend towards the body it touches, and, if that body be slender, to attach itself firmly by twining round it.

The actions of the tendrils of the pea are perfectly similar to those of the vine.

Mr. Knight is inclined, as in a former paper on the motion and growth of roots, to adopt a mechanical explication of these phenomena. The succulent shoots of trees and herbaceous plants, as was first observed by M. Decandolle, are bent towards the light by the contraction of the cellular substance of their bark on that side. Upon the tendrils and stems of the ampelopsis, and ivy, Mr. Knight says, light produces diametrically opposite effects, and occasions an extension of the cellular bark, wherever that is exposed to its influence; which circumstance, he adds, affords a satisfactory explanation why these plants appear to seek and approach contiguous opaque objects. It must be observed, however, that this explanation is little more than a simple enunciation of the matter of fact.

The bending of the tendrils round a slender body, Mr. Knight attributes to pressure. The external pressure of any body upon one side of a tendril, will, probably, drive the fluid contained in its vessels from one side of the tendril, which will consequently contract, to the opposite side, which will expand. In support of this conclusion, it has been observed, that the sides of the tendrils, where in contact with the substance they embrace, are compressed and flattened. Still there must be something in the internal mechanism of the tendril, different from a common leaf-stalk; otherwise a leaf-stalk would bend round a foreign body, like a tendril. In what this difference consists, Mr. Knight has neither explained nor conjectured.

XVII.—Observations on the Measurement of three Degrees of the Meridian, conducted in England by Lieut. Col. William Mudge. By Don Joseph Rodriguez. Communicated by Joseph de Mendoza Rios, Esq. F. R. S.

Huyghens and Newton, from a consideration of the principles on which the figure of the earth should be determined, concluded this figure must be an oblate spheroid, and that the parts in the neighbourhood of the equator are more elevated than those near the poles. The results of the first measurements made of different arcs of the meridian of different parts of the world, under the auspices

of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, were conformable to these conclusions; and also with experiments made with the vibration of the pendulum in different latitudes. Other measurements have been undertaken in France by M. M. Delambre and Mechain, who continued their observations as far as Barcelona; and subsequently by M. M. Biot and Avago, who carried on the same course of operations still further southward from Barcelona as far as Formentera, the southernmost of the Balearic islands. In 1801, also, the Swedish Academy of Sciences sent three of their members into Lapland to verify their former measurement taken in 1736, by new methods, and by the use of new instruments, similar to those which had been recently used in France. These new measures were found to confirm the general results of those which had preceded, and gave very nearly, the same proportion for the eccentricity and other dimensions of the globe.

Nearly at the same time with the operations in Lapland, a measurement was undertaken in England by Lieut. Col. Mudge, of which it is acknowledged by Don Joseph Rodriguez, that "the geodetical observations were conducted with a degree of exactness that can hardly be exceeded." Nevertheless, the results deduced by Col. Mudge would subvert the conclusions of Newton; for the measures of different degrees of the meridian, as reduced by him, increase progressively towards the equator. Thus a degree at the latitude $52^{\circ} 50' 30''$ contains 60,766 fathoms; at $52^{\circ} 2' 20''$ it contains 60,820; at $51^{\circ} 25' 18''$ —60,864; and at $51^{\circ} 2' 54''$ it contains 60,884 fathoms. From these measurements it will follow, that the earth instead of being flattened at the poles, is, in fact, more elevated at those parts than at the equator, or at least that its surface is not that of a regular solid.

It can hardly be doubted then that some error has crept into Col. Mudge's computations; and as he has not informed us in his memoir what were the formulæ which he employed in the computations of the meridian, Don Joseph Rodriguez has had recourse, in order to detect, if possible, the source of these disagreements, to a direct and rigorous computation of the geodetical measurement of Col. Mudge. In making these calculations he has followed the method and formulæ invented and published by M. Delambre.

We cannot follow Don J. Rodriguez through the detail of these processes, but must content ourselves with mentioning the result. The northern station which Col.

Mudge pitched upon, from which, to commence his ad-measurements, was Clifton (in Yorkshire,) and Dunnose in the Isle of Wight was the southernmost extremity of the series. The measure of the entire arc between these stations was found to be 162057,32 toises, and 10221,972 seconds of degrees, or $2^{\circ} 50' 21'',972$. By an obvious proportion then, the measure of a degree corresponding to the mean latitude of the whole arc, proves to be equal to 57073,74 toises, or 60826,34 fathoms, the latitude being $52^{\circ} 2' 2''$.

Don J. Rodriguez has examined particularly and distinctly the measures of the northern and the southern half of this arc; for it happened that one of the stations, at Arbury Hill, is very nearly in the meridian of Clifton and Dunnose, and divides the interval between them, into nearly equal parts. The result of this examination is, that 'if we divide the entire arc into two equal parts, we deduce the following values of a degree in toises, corresponding to the middle of the whole and of its parts.'

Latitudes

$51^{\circ} 25' 20''$

57068 toises.

$52^{\circ} 2' 20''$

57074

$52^{\circ} 50' 30''$

57081

What then is the source of these discordances? Don J. Rodriguez ascribes them to errors in the determination of the latitude from astronomical observations; errors, which were, in some degree, unavoidable, whatever were the degree of skill and attention applied in the making of them. The facts on this subject are thus stated.

'In the first place we see, that the southernmost arc, between Dunnose and Arbury, is smaller than it would appear by computation, by as much as $3'',4$, and when this deficiency is combined with an excess of 8 toises in the linear dimensions of the same arc,' (an excess arising from the convergence of the meridians,) 'it makes as much as 40 toises difference in the estimated length of a degree. The reverse of this occurs in the northern portion of the arc comprised between Clifton and Arbury Hill. This is larger than it ought to be by $4'',77$, and hence the value of a degree in the meridian, turns out too small by about 62 toises in its linear dimensions. Fortunately, however, the excess of the total arc is extremely small, as it does not exceed $1'',38$, so as to make but 5 or 6 toises difference in the length of a degree observed on the meridian, and corresponding to the mean latitude of the arc examined.'

It has been objected that the elements dependent on the elliptic figure of the earth, are too uncertain to be employed in calculating the angular intervals in the short

distances between successive stations, even as a means of verification, without risk of committing greater errors than those to which astronomical observations can be liable. To this it is answered, that if some small errors in the calculation of the series of triangles are occasioned by the uncertainty which yet subsists, with respect to the exact figure of the earth and its dimensions, the sum of these errors will be found in the estimate of the entire arc, and will increase in proportion to the extent of the arc measured. On the contrary, in the English measurement, the difference between the results of calculation and observation is only $1''\cdot38$ on the whole arc; but it is even as high as $4''\cdot77$ on one of the smaller arcs. It is evident therefore that the zenith distances of stars taken at Arbury Hill, (the point of bisection, nearly, of the arc,) are affected by some considerable error, wholly independent of these elements. Upon any hypothesis that may be assumed, the error arising from uncertainty in the elements, is not half the difference between the results of computation and of observations of the fixed stars.

We cannot enter into the further details of this interesting and important paper; but shall conclude with extracting from it a remarkable example of the uncertainty and irregularity of astronomical observations.

The latitude of Montjui, determined by a very long and regular series of zenith distances, is full $3''\cdot24$ less than that deduced from a similar series of observations made at Barcelona, with the very same instruments, and with equal care. Moreover, there is reason to think that the latitude of Barcelona, (which is supposed to be $45''$), 'ought to be diminished still one second, so that the difference between the observations at Montjui and at Barcelona will, probably, amount to as much as $4''$. Local attractions are supposed to have been the cause of this irregularity; but then the latitude should have been less than it appeared by those made at Montjui itself; for the deviation of the plumb-line, (or of the spirit contained in a level,) 'could only be occasioned by the little chain of land elevated to 120 or 130 toises, which passes to the north of Barcelona in a north-easterly direction. Now since the deviations arising from this source would be northward, the zenith distance of a circumpolar star would be augmented, and consequently the latitude deducted therefrom would be diminished just so much. But here the contrary occurs; for the latitude of Montjui deduced from the observations at Barcelona is $48''\cdot23$, whilst that obtained by direct observations at Montjui is only $45''$. Hence it seems probable, that the cause of this irregularity must be sought elsewhere, and that it is not likely to be discovered without repeating over again the same observations.'

XVIII.—An Account of some Experiments on different Combinations of Fluoric Acid. By John Davy, Esq. Communicated by Sir Humphry Davy, Knt. L. L. D. Sec. R. S.

Fluoric acid gas, prepared in the common way is saturated with silex; this fact has been already proved by M. M. Guy Lussac and Thenard: as an additional proof, Mr. J. Davy observes, that it may be kept in a glass receiver over mercury, without eroding the glass. From this property it has been denominated lately, silicated fluoric gas. Mr. Davy proposes, as an improvement in the method of preparing it, to add to the mixture of fluor spar and sulphuric acid, a quantity of finely pounded glass.

One hundred cubic inches of this gas, at ordinary temperature and pressure, are equal to 110.78 grains. One hundred parts, by weight of it, is estimated by Mr. J. Davy to consist of 61.4 silex, and 38.6 fluoric acid. It does not appear that any alkaline matter enters into the composition of the gas.

When silicated fluoric gas is condensed by water, a portion of the silex separates; the solution of the gas in water may, with propriety, be called subsilicated fluoric acid. From weighing the quantity of silex separated from a given volume of the gas, Mr. J. Davy estimates that, independent of water, 100 parts of this acid consist of 51.56 silex, and 45.44 acid. Water appears to decompose and condense about 263 times its bulk of silicated fluoric acid: such, at least, is the conclusion obtained by a direct condensation of the gas. But by another mode of examination, Mr. Davy deduces that, water condenses equal quantities of the muriatic and silicated fluoric acid gases: consequently the former estimate is too low, and instead of 263 times its bulk, it is probably more correct to say that water to be saturated requires at least 365 times its volume. In the direct mode of operating the deposition of silex is, probably, an obstacle to the free exposure of the surface of the water to the gas.

By distilling a small quantity of strong acid, by means of a spirit lamp, some acid was condensed in the neck of the retort, which was also lined with silex in a gelatinous state, and about three cubic inches of silicated fluoric acid gas were produced. No sulphureous acid appeared, as has been asserted by Dr. Priestley, who made this experiment. Neither can fluoric acid gas be made free from

silix by this process, as is stated in chemical works of some reputation.

The second section of Mr. Davy's paper, describes the combinations of fluoric acid and ammonia. We do not think it needful to give in detail the results. The fluat of ammonia is decomposed by heat, ammonia is expelled, and if a glass vessel is used, the glass is corroded. Its action on glass is so powerful, that it has been successfully employed for etching on this substance. It is a more manageable material than fluoric acid. The solution of the salt may be applied by means of a hair pencil or a common pen to the glass, and the erosion will be produced by exposure to a moderate heat.

The third section is on fluo-boracic acid gas. This gas was discovered by M. M. Guy Lussac and Thenard: they formed it by heating strongly, in an iron tube, a mixture of fluor spar and fused boracic acid. Mr. Davy proposes, as a cheaper and more effectual process, heating gently, in a common glass retort, 1 part, by weight, of fused boracic acid (finely powdered,) 2 parts of fluor spar, and about 12 of sulphuric acid. This mixture by a gentle heat gives pure fluo-boracic acid gas. When the gas ceases to come over, if the heat be raised, more will be evolved, and there will distill over at the same time, a viscid fluid, which is a compound of sulphuric acid and fluo-boracic acid gas.

It appears that 100 cubic inches of fluo-boracic gas are equal to 73.5 grains.

The compound of this gas and water is a fuming fluid, in many respects similar to concentrated sulphuric acid: it is slightly tenacious, has an oily appearance, and it possesses the property of charring animal and vegetable substances; a property which the French chemists observed to belong to the gas itself. Water condenses more of this, than it does of any other known gas, no less than 700 times its volume.

The phenomena of this gas with ammoniacal gas are very singular. Equal volumes of the two gases condense each other; the compound is solid, white, and opaque, like the ammoniacal salts. But Mr. Davy has found that fluo-boracic acid gas condenses twice likewise, and even three times its volume of ammoniacal gas. These combinations are liquid, transparent, and colourless like water. Both fluid compounds, when heated, become solid, by expulsion of part of the ammonia. The same effect is produced by exposure to the air, and by the muriatic and car-

bonic acid gases. These combinations afford the first example of salts which have been observed liquid, at the common temperature of the atmosphere, without containing water.

XIX.—On the Periscopic Camera Obscura and Microscope. By William Hyde Wollaston, M. D. Sec. R. S.

This paper contains several ingenious proposals for the improvement of optical instruments. The camera obscura, which Dr. Wollaston calls periscopic, has a meniscus substituted for the double convex lens. The advantage of this construction is to make the oblique pencils of rays converge to a focus nearer the further side of the camera; by which the images of lateral objects are made more distinct. The distinctness of these images is still further improved by cutting off a portion of rays, which would only cause confusion, by means of a circular aperture placed at a short distance from the concave or external side of the lens.

In order to diminish the confusion occasioned by the oblique incidents of lateral rays in the single microscope, Dr. Wollaston has placed the perforated metal which limits the aperture of the lens, in its centre. Two plano-convex lenses were ground to the same radius, and their plane surfaces applied to opposite sides of the same aperture in a thin piece of metal. When such an aperture is well centered, the visible field is at least as much as twenty degrees in diameter. A portion of the light is lost by thus doubling the number of surfaces; but Dr. Wollaston asserts that this is more than compensated by the greater aperture, which, in these circumstances, is compatible with distinct vision.

XX.—Further Experiments and Observations on the Influence of the Brain on the generation of Animal Heat. By B. C. Brodie, Esq. F. R. S. Communicated to the Society for promoting the Knowledge of Animal Chemistry, and by them to the Royal Society.

We do not think that Mr. Brodie has in this communication made any very valuable addition to the facts disclosed in his former papers. That the generation of animal heat is independent of respiration; that, in fact, respiration rather cools the body, than is a source of heat,

may be deemed a discovery of no small importance, to which physiology is indebted to Mr. Brodie. It appears that the generation of heat is intimately connected with the integrity of the functions of the brain.

'In an animal,' Mr. Brodie says, 'which is under the influence of a poison, that operates by disturbing the functions of the brain, in proportion as the sensibility becomes impaired, so is the power of generating heat impaired also.'

'If an animal is apparently dead, from a poison of this description, and the circulation of the blood is afterwards maintained by means of artificial respiration, the generation of heat is found to be as completely destroyed, as if the head had been actually removed.'

'Under these circumstances, if the artificial respiration is kept up until the effects of the poison cease as the animal recovers his sensibility, so does he also recover the power of generating heat; but it is not till the nervous energy is completely restored, that heat is produced in sufficient quantity to counteract the cold of the surrounding atmosphere.'

As it has appeared from the experiments of Messrs. Allen and Pepys, that in natural respiration, the azote of the atmosphere remains unaltered, and the carbonic acid produced exactly equals, volume for volume, the oxygen gas which disappears. Mr. Brodie instituted these experiments for the purpose of ascertaining the quantity of carbonic acid produced, or of oxygen consumed by breathing, by animals in a natural state, and by animals in which the brain has ceased to perform its office. We do not think it necessary for us to enter into the detail of these experiments; it will be enough to say in general, that similar animals were made to respire in a given portion of atmospheric air, some in their natural state; others after having suffered the action of a poison, which had destroyed the action of the brain, and in which respiration was kept up by artificial means. Mr. Brodie terminates his account of these experiments by saying, that

'they appear to warrant the conclusion, that in an animal in which the brain has ceased to exercise its functions, although respiration continues to be performed, and the circulation of the blood is kept up to its natural standard, although the usual changes in the sensible qualities of the blood take place in the two capillary systems, and the same quantity of carbonic acid is formed as under ordinary circumstances; no heat is generated, and, in consequence of the cold air thrown into the lungs, the animal cools more rapidly than one that is actually dead.'

Mr. Brodie concludes his paper with a few general observations, connected with his subject; but as they are

principally speculative, and not very clear or important, we shall pass them over in silence.

XXI.—On the different Structures and Situations of the Solvent Glands in the digestive Organs of Birds, according to the Nature of their Food and particular Modes of Life. By Everard Home, Esq. F. R. S.

This paper contains several descriptions, which may, hereafter, tend to the improvement of comparative anatomy; but nothing which could conduce much to the entertainment or the instruction of our readers. We shall content ourselves, therefore, with extracting from it a singular fact with regard to the cassowary.

‘In the cassowary there appear to be no considerations of economy in the management of the food in the process of digestion; the solvent glands are less complex than in the ostrich, as is avowed by those who have examined them,* the food has a free passage from the gizzard into the intestines, which are unusually wide and short, so that its passage through them is very rapid, and is rendered still more so by the stones of a large size employed in the gizzard passing out at the anus. This I learnt from Sir Joseph Banks, who was present at the Cape of Good Hope when one of these birds, to his great astonishment, voided nearly half a bucket full of stones.’

XXII.—On some Combinations of Phosphorus and Sulphur, and on some other Subjects of Chemical Inquiry. By Sir Humphry Davy, Knt. L. L. D. Sec. R. S.

Phosphorus unites with oxymuriatic gas or chlorine in two proportions. The first compound, which according to Sir H. Davy's nomenclature, should be called *phosphorana*, is solid, white crystalline; easily volatile, and forming a fixed infusible substance, by uniting with ammonia: 3 grains of phosphorus unite with about 20 grains of the gas to form this sublimate. The other, or *phosphorane*, is fluid, limpid as water; its specific gravity, 1.45; it produces dense fumes by acting upon the water of the atmosphere, and when exposed to the atmosphere gradually disappears, leaving no residuum. To obtain it in considerable quantities, phosphorus should be passed in vapour through heated powdered corrosive sublimate. A bent glass tube may be used for the process, and the liquor condensed in a cold vessel connected with the tube. It has

* ‘Vide Perrault's Comp. Anat. 1676.’

been found to contain half as much chlorine as the sublimate.

When this liquor is made to act upon water, it furnishes a thick fluid of the consistence of syrup, which crystallizes slowly by cooling, and forms transparent parallelopipeds. This substance may be called *hydrophosphorous acid*; for it consists of pure phosphorous acid and water. The results of its decomposition in close vessels, are phosphoric acid and a peculiar compound of phosphorus and hydrogen.

This peculiar gas appears to consist of 4.5 hydrogen by weight to 22.5 phosphorus. It is not spontaneously inflammable, but explodes when mixed with air, and heated rather below 212° . Water absorbs about one-eighth of its volume of this gas. Its smell is disagreeable, but not nearly so fetid as that of common phosphuretted hydrogen.

'Supposing water,' says Sir H. Davy, 'to be composed of two proportions of hydrogen and one of oxygen, and the number representing it 17; then 174 parts of hydro-phosphorous acid must consist of two proportions; 24 parts of water, and four proportions of phosphorous acid, containing 80 of phosphorus and 69 of oxygen; and three proportions of phosphoric acid must be formed, containing three proportions of phosphorus 60, and six proportions of oxygen 90, making 150.

'It is scarcely possible to imagine more perfect demonstrations of the laws of definite combination, than those furnished in the mutual action of water and the phosphoric compounds. No products are formed except the new combinations; neither oxygen, hydrogen, chlorine, nor phosphorus is disengaged, and therefore the ratio in which any two of them combine being known, the ratio in which the rest combine, in these cases, may be determined by calculation.'

It appears, then, that phosphoric acid must contain twice as much oxygen as phosphorous acid. This last acid is commonly described as a fluid body; but the liquid produced by the slow combustion of phosphorus in the air, Sir H. Davy finds to be a mixture of phosphorous and phosphoric acids. In air artificially dried, phosphorus becomes covered with a white film, which appears to be the pure phosphorous acid.

On the combinations of sulphur, Sir H. Davy corrects some erroneous statements he had made in the Transactions for 1810, with regard to the weights of sulphuretted hydrogen, and sulphureous acid gas. He now estimates 100 cubical inches of sulphureous acid gas to be 68 grains, and 100 cubical inches of sulphuretted hydrogen to be 36.5

grains. As, therefore, these gases appear to be solutions of sulphur in oxygen and hydrogen gases, respectively, in which the volume of the gases continues unchanged, the weight of the sulphur in each will be the difference of the weight of these gases, and that of their component oxygen or hydrogen. One hundred inches of oxygen gas are 34 grains; therefore sulphureous acid consists of equal weights of sulphur and oxygen. In like manner 34.23 (36.5—2.27) is the quantity of sulphur in 100 cubical inches of sulphuretted hydrogen, the number representing sulphur is 30; sulphureous acid is composed of one proportion of sulphur 30, and two of oxygen 30; and sulphuretted hydrogen of one proportion of sulphur 30, and two of hydrogen 2.

Sulphuric acid decomposed by heat affords one volume of oxygen to two of sulphureous acid. Sir H. Davy has not been able to combine sulphureous acid gas with oxygen, so as to form sulphuric acid free from water. When dried sulphureous acid gas and nitrous acid gas are mixed together, there is no action; but by introducing the vapour of water, they form together a solid crystalline hydrate; this, when thrown into water, gives off nitrous gas, and forms a solution of sulphuric acid.

Sir Humphry Davy concludes this paper with a few observations on the important action of water in chemical phenomena. The earths and metallic oxides precipitated from solutions, contain definite proportions of water. What is called white oxide of manganese, is a compound of water and protoxide of manganese; when strongly heated, it gives off its water and becomes a dark olive oxide.

'Zincona,' observes Sir H. Davy, 'precipitated from its solution in muriatic acid by an alkali, and dried at a temperature below 300°, appears as a white powder, so soft as not to scratch glass. When heated to 700° or 800°, water is suddenly expelled from it, and notwithstanding the quantity of vapour formed, it becomes at the moment red hot. After the process, it is found harsh to the feel, has gained a tint of grey, its parts cohere together, and it is become so hard as to scratch quartz.'

ART. V.—*A Discovery of the Author of the Letters of Junius, founded on such Evidence and Illustrations as explain all the mysterious Circumstances and apparent Contradictions which have contributed to the Concealment of this most important Secret of our Times.* London; Taylor and Hessey, 1813. 5s.

IN the present work, which the author entitles "A
CRIT. REV. Vol. 4, July, 1813. E

Discovery," the authorship of the Letters of Junius is ascribed to Dr. Francis, the translator of Horace, and to his son, the present Sir Philip Francis. We do not know how much of these celebrated performances the discoverer is willing to impute to the one and how much to the other. For he, sometimes, speaks, as p. 42, of Junius being completely identified with Mr., that is Sir Philip Francis; and, at other times, of his being the same identical person with Dr. Francis. According to this account, therefore, we must consider Junius as one writer made out of two persons, or as two persons constituting only one individual. But, if the supposition of the author of this notable "discovery" be true, these two persons must have possessed only one mind and one character of mind as well as heart. For there is no man of common sagacity, who can read the letters themselves, who must not be convinced that one and the same mind is conspicuously displayed through the whole, as well as one and the same turn of sentiment and disposition. In short there is in the thoughts and composition of the letters such a complete and entire unity as precludes the possibility of their being the production of any two individuals, whose temperament, habits, capacity and qualifications, both mental and corporeal, were totally different. But the author of the present "discovery," has made the Letters of Junius the joint production of youth and age, of frost and fire.

Dr. Francis was a man of gay convivial habits, a boon companion; and had none of that sarcastic virulence in his temperament, which is a predominant characteristic in the Letters of Junius. The sarcasms of Junius are, sometimes, tipped with a degree of venom not unlike that which gives the force of death to the arrows of the Indian. But there was none of this power or propensity in the habits of Dr. Francis, who loved good cheer and exhilarating society, rather than to lie in ambush, like Junius, and to wound his enemies, as they passed, from some invisible recess. As a prose-writer, Dr. Francis was very languid and verbose, compared with Junius, whose style is rather compressed than diffuse; and who seldom uses a word which does not add to the effect. The object of Junius is, generally, forcible impression; and he seldom fails to make the impression at which he aims; but Dr. Francis was not capable of writing so as to make a strong impression; and, he, who reads his political remarks or essays, will be more conscious of their dulness than their brilliancy, and of

their soporific tendencies than of their enlivening powers.

Sir Philip Francis is certainly a man of more ardent temperament, more patriotic energy, and of a higher reach in the intellectual scale than his father the Dr., who, at the period when the Letters of Junius appeared, was more given to libations to the rosy god than to the severity of political disquisition and the intensity of literary effort with which the Letters of Junius were certainly produced. But the youth of Sir Philip Francis at the time when the invisible Junius began to write, totally precludes the belief that he was the author of compositions, which were evidently the result of large and extensive observation on the principal actors in the political drama, and of a more matured experience with life in general, than a youth of twenty years of age could have had any opportunity of acquiring or be supposed to possess. The author of this "discovery," produces some passages from Sir Philip Francis's pamphlet on paper money, to which he subjoins some sentences from Junius, in which he perceives, or fancies he perceives, some resemblance in the thoughts or the diction. But, if we were to allow even more weight to these resemblances than they appear to deserve, we should still recollect that they might have proceeded from other causes than those which would establish even the most remote approximation to identity between Junius and Sir Philip Francis. Sir Philip may have, and probably, often has, read the Letters of Junius; and his admiration of these compositions may have occasionally led him to imitate the manner or copy the phraseology.

The pamphlet of Sir Philip Francis on paper currency, which certainly displays considerable vigour of mind and acuteness of observation, was written when he was more than sixty years of age; but instead of taking his proofs from writings at that mature period of life, the writer of this pamphlet, or "discovery," should have shewn from some compositions of Mr., now Sir Philip, Francis, written as early as January 1769, (or rather at an earlier period, as the miscellaneous Letters of Junius under other signatures commence April 28, 1767,) that he had, at that juvenile age, as he was born "about the year 1748," formed a style which exhibited the prominent characteristic qualities of that of Junius. This the author of the "discovery" before us, has not done; and the resemblances which may be found between the sentiments and expressions of Junius and those of Sir Philip Francis at a period of thirty or forty years after the publication of the letters,

are no proof whatever, that Sir Philip Francis and the writer of the letters, were the same identical individual. For there is hardly a political writer, since the days of Junius, in whose compositions similar resemblances might not be found, and who might not, by the same kind of proof, if proof it can be called, be confirmed in his right to the honourable distinction of the author of the letters under the name of Junius.

We will produce various passages which the author of this "discovery" has selected from the pamphlet of Sir P. Francis on Paper Money, or from his speeches, to support his assumption of an identity between Sir Philip and the invisible Junius. The reader, who compares the passages, will see on what very unsubstantial grounds the writer has rested this point of his hypothesis.

"As if we had converted our whole inheritance into an annuity, and had nothing but a *life interest in the salvation of the country* *."—*Sir Philip Francis on Paper Money*.

"With a callous heart, there can be no genius in the imagination, or wisdom in the mind; and therefore the prayer, with equal truth and sublimity, says, 'Incline our *hearts* unto wisdom †.'"—*Ibid.* p. 53.

"A brave man with truth of *his side*, need not wish to be eloquent. Resolute thoughts find words for themselves, and make their own vehicle. Impression and expression are relative ideas. He who feels deeply will express strongly. The language of slight sensations is naturally feeble and superficial ‡."—*Ibid.* p. 54.

"The crimes of individuals, however enormous, are not necessarily mortal to great communities. The death of nations is impunity. Still we are lulled with fine promises and flattering prospects. Hope is a dangerous narcotic, and not only sets the mind asleep, but, like opium to the Turk, furnishes the brain with many delightful visions. Thus it is that a nation may walk

* "The minister, perhaps, may have reason to be satisfied with the success of the present hour, and with the profits of his employment. He is the *tenant of the day*, and has no interest in the inheritance."—*Junius*, vol. ii. p. 132.

"When you leave the *unimpaired, hereditary freehold* to your children, you do but half your duty, &c.—

—The power of King, Lords, and Commons, is not an arbitrary power. They are the trustees, not the owners of the estate. The *fee-simple* is in US. They cannot alienate, they cannot waste."—*Junius*, vol. i. pp. 2—5, Dedication.

† "———if I were not satisfied, that really to inform the understanding corrects and enlarges the heart."—*Junius*, vol. ii. p. 448.

‡ "Whenever he changes his servants he is sure to have the people, in that instance, of *his side*."—*Junius*, vol. iii. p. 316.

in its sleep, until it reaches the edge of a precipice without the power of turning back. These treacherous delusions are *deadly symptoms*. When nothing but a *drastic* resolution can save the animal, false hope supplies him with *palliatives*; and bars the last extremity of its last resource, by the exclusion of despair*.”

—Sir P. Francis on *Paper Money*, p. 47.

“His principle, if he be in earnest, which I should very much doubt of any person in possession of his senses, would oblige him, in many other cases, to maintain that the shadow of a good thing is just as good as the substance; or that water, forced into the system, performs the functions of blood, with equal effect, and greater facility. With the help of *tapping* it might do so, as long as the *stamina* lasted: but, in these cases, the patient is apt to give the lie or the slip to the physician, and to die of a dropsy with the panacea in his bowels.”—*Ibid.* p. 4.

“But granted; war is no longer a calamity; or at worst a necessary evil, incident to the system; it is the physic and phlebotomy that clears the intestines and opens the veins, and saves the body politic from bursting of a plethora.”—*Ibid.* p. 27.

“The sensation of pain is the providential warning against danger, the sentry or out-post, that gives notice of the approach

* “After all, Sir, will you not endeavour to remove or alleviate the most dangerous symptoms, because you cannot eradicate the disease?”—*Junius* vol. ii. p. 224.

“It does not follow that the symptoms may not be softened, although the distemper cannot be cured.”—*Junius*, vol. ii. p. 354.

“He advertises for patients, collects all the diseases of the heart, and turns the royal palace into an hospital for incurables.”—*Junius*, vol. ii. p. 439.

“At all, Mr. Printer, these are feverish symptoms, and look as if the disorder were coming to a crisis. Even this last effort is the fore-runner of their speedy dissolution: like the false strength of a delirium, which exerts itself by fits, and dies in convulsions.”—*Junius*, vol. ii. p. 66.

“The disorder must have quitted his head, and fixed itself in his heart.”—*Junius*, p. 109.

“This, I conceive, is the last disorder of the State. The consultation meets but to disagree. Opposite medicines are prescribed, and the last fixed on is changed by the hand that gives it.”—*Junius*, p. 176.

“When all your instruments of amputation are prepared, when the unhappy patient lies at your feet, without the possibility of resistance, by what infallible rule will you direct the operation? When you propose to cut away the *rotten* parts, can you tell us what parts are perfectly *sound*? Are there any certain limits, in fact or theory, to inform you at what point you must stop, at what point the *mortification* ends.”—*Junius*, vol. ii. p. 448.

“A sick man might as well expect to be cured by a consultation of doctors. They talk, and debate, and wrangle, and the patient expires.”—*Junius*, vol. ii. p. 491.

“When the poison of their doctrines has tainted the natural benevolence of his disposition; when their insidious counsels have corrupted the *stamina* of his government, what antidote can restore him to his political health and honour, but the firm security of his English subjects?”—*Junius*, vol. ii. p. 125.

of an enemy. The being who feels none, or who is suddenly relieved from it, or who by intoxication has deadened his senses, knows nothing of his own case, and dies of a mortification below, with a languid flush in his face that looks like a return of health."—*Sir P. Francis on Paper Money*, p. 45.

"Most men are ready to admit that plainness and simplicity are good moral qualities, and not at all unwilling to encourage them in others. But it is not so generally known or admitted, that these qualities, instructed by experience or enlightened by reflection, are the surest evidence of a sound understanding. *A cunning rogue may cheat a wiser man of his money*; but in an abstract question to be determined by judgment, it is not possible that skill and artifice can finally prevail over plain reason, which, in the ordinary transactions of life, is called common sense*."—*Ibid.* p. 2.

"If my voice could contribute to his honour, he should have it without reserve, for the spirit that prompts him to undertake such a task as I know it to be, and at such a time; and if it were possible to give him support in the execution of it by any effort of mine, he might be sure of it†."—*Sir P. F.'s Speeches on the Mahratta War*, p. 19.

"When a purpose is to be served, it is not very difficult to find a principle to answer it."—*Sir P. F.'s Speeches*, p. 46.

"In the perpetual revolutions of human affairs, it often happens that the forms of power survive the fact‡."—*Speeches*, p. 64.

"We go into their country to charge them with lawless ambition; and we rob them of their property, in order to charge them with insatiable avarice. The day of retribution, I believe, will come, when you are least prepared for it."—*Ibid.* p. 69.

"This is a wide circumference; but the passage across it shall be short and rapid. A bird's eye view of the subject will be sufficient."—*Ibid.* p. 26.

* "Mr. Horne, it seems, is very unable to comprehend how an extreme want of conduct and discretion can consist with the abilities I have allowed him; nor can he conceive that a very honest man with a very good understanding may be deceived by a knave.—Distinguished talents are not necessarily connected with discretion."—*Junius*, vol. ii. p. 304.

† "I should have hoped that even my name might carry some authority with it, if I had not seen how very little weight, &c."—*Junius*, vol. i. p. 71.

"My vote will hardly recommend him to an increase of his pension, or to a seat in the cabinet. But if his ambition be upon a level with his understanding;—if he judges of what is truly honourable for himself with the same superior genius, which animates and directs him, to eloquence in debate, to wisdom in decision, even the pen of JUNIUS shall contribute to reward him."—*Junius*, vol. ii. p. 311.

‡ "How long and to what extent the King of England may be protected by the forms, when he violates the spirit of the constitution, deserves to be considered."—*Junius*, vol. p. 42.

"In the present practice, the wholesome relation of guilt and punishment is inverted. The few escape, and the multitude suffer."—*Sir P. Francis on Paper Money*, p. 46.

In the preceding passages the resemblances are very slight and evanescent; and, in most instances, rather imaginary than real. Indeed they furnish no stronger proof that Sir Philip Francis was the author of Junius's Letters than that he was the author of the Bible.

We have not adduced any of the passages which the author of this 'Discovery' quotes from Dr. Francis's *Horace* or *Demosthenes*, in which he finds some peculiarities of expression analogous to what may be found in the writings of Junius. All inferences of this kind are very delusive and unsatisfactory; and we should have felt much more inclined to subscribe to the opinion of the writer if he had proved from the prose writings of the Dr. that he possessed the energy, compression, withering invective, and blighting sarcasm of Junius, than because he has occasionally used a word or two in the unusual or singular sense in which it has been used by Junius. If Dr. Francis published his translation of *Horace* in 1743, and of *Demosthenes* in 1753, and 1755, it is no very improbable supposition that both had been read by Junius; but from a few minute coincidences of phrase in the writings both of Dr. Francis and of Junius, we are no more authorized in supposing that Dr. Francis wrote the Letters of Junius than that Junius wrote Dr. Francis's translations of *Horace* and *Demosthenes*. As we have no specimens before us of Junius's poetical talents, we have no means of judging whether or not he could have written in verse as well as Dr. Francis; but we have ample specimens before us of Dr. Francis's feeble, cold, and inanimate prose, which must convince every sensitive observer that he was totally wanting in almost every requisite to produce letters like those of Junius.

The author seems to ground his strongest proof that Sir Philip Francis, in conjunction with his father, the doctor, constituted the full and perfect identity of the mysterious Junius, on the circumstance that Sir Philip had been appointed by Lord Barrington one of the clerks in the war office, when about seventeen years of age. Hence the author thinks that the supposed Junius obtained his

*"You have no enemies, sir, but those who think it flattery to tell you that the character of king dissolves the natural relation between guilt and punishment."—*Junius*, vol. i. p. 44.

information respecting military matters. But Junius had certainly other and superior means of obtaining this information, without having recourse to a clerk in the war office; and this circumstance, therefore, is no proof whatever that Mr. Francis, when a clerk in that office, was the identical Junius; or that he became so by incorporating his acquaintance with the military details of that period, with his father's knowledge of Horace and Demosthenes. In short, though the author of the present pamphlet has shown a good deal of ingenuity in supporting his hypothesis, yet, we think that, like Mr. Blakeway and other persons, he has failed in his proofs; and, though he has here and there said what is plausible, it is not sufficient to make even that impression on the mind which is the effect of a high degree of probability.

It will perhaps be asked whether, as we have combated the supposition of this author as well as that of Mr. Blakeway in our last number, to which we refer the reader, we have any hypothesis of our own respecting the authorship of the letters, which we deem more plausible than any of those which have hitherto been published. We certainly have our own ideas on the subject; but we have reasons for withholding them from the public, though we have, in a former number of our Review, dropped a hint which any sagacious person, who will pursue it with diligence, will probably find to lead him into the only track in which this 'most important secret of our times,' if so it be considered, can be scrutinized with any chance of being finally brought to light.

ART. VI.—*The Giaour, a Fragment of a Turkish Tale.*
By Lord Byron. Murray, 1813, 8vo. 4s. 6d.

THE subject of this little poem may be explained in a few words. It is founded on a circumstance, which, as its noble author informs us, was formerly of much more frequent occurrence than it is at present; either, he says, owing to the improved state of the police, the more circumspect conduct of the ladies, or less enterprising spirit of the *Giaours* or infidels (a term particularly applied to the Greek Christians) in the Turkish empire. We hope it may be added, to the natural progress of civilization and humanity, which we conceive to have made manifest though gradual advances even among the descendants of

the conquerors of Constantinople, within the limits of the last and present centuries.

'A few years ago,' resumes his lordship, 'the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity; he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night! One of the guards, who was present, informed me, that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or shewed a symptom of terror at so sudden "a wrench from all we know, from all we love." The fate of Phrosine, the fairest of this sacrifice, is the subject of many a Romaic and Arnaut ditty. The story in the text is one told of a young Venetian many years ago, and now nearly forgotten. I heard it by accident recited by one of the coffee-house story-tellers who abound in the Levant, and sing or recite their narrations. The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily distinguished from the rest by the want of Eastern imagery; and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original.'—*Note at the end of the poem.*

We shall not spoil the interest of the story for such of our readers (if any) as may not yet have happened to see it, by filling up this general outline of its design; although on the other side it is possible that the possession of a key to the mystery that it involves, might obviate much of an objection to which we presume that it will by most readers be considered mainly liable, especially of such as are not satisfied unless every thing be perfectly clear and intelligible to them on a first perusal. We confess that this objection did occur to ourselves very strongly; but, for the benefit of our followers in the same path, we are bound to give public notice that every trace of the said objection vanished at the second reading, and that we now believe ourselves perfectly to understand all the bearings and connections of the various disjointed parts of the fable. Whether this be a sufficient ground of defence for the general conduct of the poem or not, we leave to the poet himself to consider, after having merely stated the fact as it affected us. For our own parts we are rather inclined to maintain the affirmative; to confess that the remaining obscurity is a decent and proper veil for the horrors of such a story; and to withhold the advice we were at first disposed to offer—of either weaving the fragments together into an entire and connected poem—or filling up the interstices with prose narration. But we must hold, or our readers will not be disposed to forgive

us for our prosing, while we have a task to perform so much more agreeable both to them and ourselves.

For the powers both of natural and moral description, of presenting to the mind's eye by a few rapid touches of a strong and vigorous pencil, a clear, bright, and distinct image in the former case, and, in the latter, of guiding the imagination through all the intricacies of human thought to the very sources of human conduct, we have, ever since the appearance of '*Childe Harold*,' estimated Lord Byron as the most gifted of all the modern race of poets. Of a work so simple in its contrivance, and so slight in its texture as the present, it may appear extravagant to say that it not only confirms our former opinion, but exalts it still higher. Yet such is the judgment we have formed of it, and we think the few extracts which we are now about to submit to our readers, (premising that we have found the difficulty of selection very great among so many superior beauties) will justify us to those who have not yet seen the poem.

' No breath of air to break the wave
That rolls below the Athenian's* grave,
That tomb which, gleaming o'er the cliff,
First greets the homeward veering skiff,
High o'er the land he saved in vain—
When shall such hero live again?
Far, dark, along the blue sea glancing;
The shadows of the rocks advancing,
Start on the fisher's eye like boat
Of island pirate or Mainote;
And fearful for his light caique,
He shuns the near but doubtful creek,
Though worn and weary with his toil,
And cumber'd with his scaly spoil,
Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,
Till Port Leone's safer shore
Receives him by the lovely light
That best becomes an Eastern night.'

The scene is thus prepared for the introduction of one of the principal actors in this little drama, the Emir Hassan, who is painted with all the force of a picturesque genius. He delivers to the fisherman a burthen, the contents of which are concealed, directing him to convey it

* A tomb, by some supposed to be the sepulchre of Themistocles.

‘Midway to those rocks where sleep
The channel’d waters dark and deep,’
and there commit it to the waves.
‘Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank,
The calm wave rippled to the bank;
I watch’d it as it sank: methought
Some motion from the current caught
Bestirr’d it more—’twas but the beam
That chequer’d o’er the living stream—
I gazed, till vanishing from view
Like lessening pebble it withdrew.
Still less and less, a speck of white
That gemm’d the tide, then mock’d the sight;
And all its hidden secrets sleep,
Known but to genii of the deep,
Which, trembling in their coral caves,
They dare not whisper to the waves.’

Spenser himself never brought the scene of his actions more vividly before the imagination of the reader than Lord Byron in the following description of the romantic valley destined to be the theatre of Hassan’s death by the hand of the Giaour.

‘The sun’s last rays are on the hill,
And sparkle in the fountain rill,
Whose welcome waters, cool and clear,
Draw blessings from the mountaineer;
Here may the loitering merchant Greek
Find that repose ’twere vain to seek
In cities lodged too near his lord,
And trembling for his secret hoard—
Here may he rest where none can see,
In crowds a slave, in deserts free;
And with forbidden wine may stain
The bowl a moslem must not drain.

* * * * *
The foremost Tartar’s in the gap,
Conspicuous by his yellow cap,
The rest in lengthening line the while
Wind slowly through the long defile;
Above, the mountain rears a peak,
Where vultures whet the thirsty beak,
And their’s may be a feast to-night,
Shall tempt them down ere morrow’s light.
Beneath, a river’s wintry stream
Has shrunk before the summer beam,
And left a channel bleak and bare,
Save shrubs that spring to perish there.

Each side the midway path there lay
 Small broken crags of granite gray,
 By time or mountain lightning riven,
 From summits clad in mists of heaven;
 For where is he that hath beheld
 The peak of Liakura unveil'd?

To this succeeds a most spirited sketch of the fight commenced by the ambushed followers of the Giaour against Hassan and his attendants. The issuing of the Greek band from their ambuscade, with their commander at their head, is also finely described.

'Who leads them on with foreign brand
 Far flashing in his red right hand?
 "'Tis he—"Tis he—I know him now,
 I know him by his pallid brow,
 I know him by the evil eye
 That aids his envious treachery," &c.

But the picture of the fallen Emir exceeds any description that we remember to have met with, of a similar nature. The long suspension of the sentence produces an awful effect, well suited to the terrific dignity of the subject.

'With sabre shivered to the hilt,
 Yet dripping with the blood he spilt,
 Yet strain'd within the sever'd hand
 That quivers round the faithless brand;
 His turban far behind him roll'd,
 And cleft in twain its firmest fold;
 His flowing robe by falchion torn,
 And crimson as those clouds of morn
 That, streak'd with dusky red, portend
 The day shall have a stormy end;
 A stain on every bush that bore
 A fragment of his Palampore,*
 His heart with wounds unnumber'd riven,
 His back to earth, his face to heaven,
 Fall'n Hassan lies—his unclosed eye
 Yet lowering on his enemy,
 As if the hour that seal'd his fate,
 Surviving left his quenchless hate;
 And o'er him bends that foe with brow
 As dark as his that bled below.'

The simile in the above quotation is one of those effects of sudden inspiration which it is beyond the reach of art

* The flowered shawls of Kashmeer, generally worn by persons of rank.

to produce, and which it would uselessly aspire to imitate. In this respect, it delights us more even than those highly finished comparisons, which though equally the fruit of a rich and pregnant imagination, yet by the very display of human skill, abandon the character of a divine influence. Of this description of simile are the comparisons of the scorpion encircled by fire to a guilty conscience, and of female beauty to the butterfly, the last of which is perhaps one of the most highly-finished pieces to be found within the whole range of figurative poetry. Yet, according to our ideas, the '*divinæ particula auræ*' is made more manifest in a third instance of resemblance far less exquisitely wrought, but which appears (like that already quoted), to have presented itself spontaneously to the poet in the very form and habit with which it is now invested. The poet is here again indulging in that deeply melancholy train of reflection which marks so strongly the character of his '*Childe Harold*.'

'It is as if the dead could feel
The icy worm around them steal,
And shudder, as the reptiles creep
To revel o'er their rotting sleep,
Without the power to scare away
The cold consumers of their clay!
It is as if the desert bird,
Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream,
To still her famish'd nestlings' scream,
Nor mourns a life to them transferr'd,
Should rend her rash devoted breast,
And find them flown her empty nest.
The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are rapture to the dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemploy'd.'

Yet, in this short passage, so powerfully touched, and marked by poetical characters so deep and lasting, it is perhaps not being over curious to observe one instance of extremely harsh and imperfect expression, and another of false grammatical construction.

The following rapturous description of female beauty breathes the very soul of poetical enthusiasm. We cannot avoid remarking that it affords a direct contradiction to the calumny of those who have asserted that the satiated, gloomy, and apathetic hero of his former poem, is but the portrait of the noble author drawn by himself; for the direct reverse must be he who has a heart to conceive such thoughts as these.

' Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
 But gaze on that of the Gazelle,
 It will assist thy fancy well—
 As large, as languishingly dark ;
 But soul beam'd forth in every spark
 That darted from beneath its lid,
 Bright as the gem of Giamschid.
 Yea, *soul*—and should our prophet say
 That form was nought but breathing clay,
 By Alla ! I would answer, nay ;
 Though on Al-Sirat's arch I stood,
 Which totters o'er the fiery flood,
 With paradise within my view,
 And all his Houris beckoning through.
 Oh ! who young Leila's glance could read,
 And keep that portion of his creed
 Which saith, that woman is but dust,
 A soulless Toy for Tyrant's lust ?
 On her might Muftis gaze, and own
 That through her eye the immortal shone—
 On her fair cheek's unfading hue
 The young pomegranate's blossoms strew
 Their bloom in blushes ever new—
 Her hair in hyacinthine flow
 When left to roll its folds below,
 As midst her handmaids in the hall
 She stood superior to them all,
 Hath swept the marble where her feet
 Gleam'd whiter than the mountain sleet,
 Ere from the cloud that gave it birth,
 It fell, and caught one stain of earth.'

This noble assertion of woman's immortal nature firmly persuades us that those dark and melancholy, though powerfully poetical reflections on the untenanted human skull which occur at the beginning of the second canto of *Childe Harold*, were conceived by the author in the person of his imaginary hero, not his own. He will not surely tell us that his own creed is less spiritual than that of his Arnaut fisherman ; nor deny to man that which he so feelingly vindicates for the more lovely part of the species.

Still, the more animated and elastic strain of the narrative now before us is not unfrequently interrupted by the occurrence of such thoughts and images as have the appearance of being conceived in the mouldering solitude of the charnel house, and give the strongest evidence of a mind continually retiring within itself from the noise and business, and pleasures of public life, and banqueting

even to surfeit on the imagined terrors of the grave. We do not remember ever to have met with a description of unmingled horror so highly wrought as the picture which he has formed upon the strange and sickening superstition of the Vampyre. We have no hesitation, however, in pronouncing that, with all its accumulated circumstances of disgust and abhorrence, it is a subject, totally unfit for the poetical canvass, even while we confess that the darkest colours of the imagination were never transmitted by a more vigorous pencil, or employed with an effect more powerful.

The confession of the 'lone Caloyer,' which has been added to the poem since it was first printed, (we do not believe, published) contributes so much to the intelligibility of the story, that we think the insertion a considerable benefit. Yet it appears to us to partake of the nature of most after-thoughts, to want much of the vigour and freshness of the original conception. The gloomy idea of 'the vacant bosom's wilderness,' though it has given birth to lines so full fraught with the inspiration of poetry as those we have already quoted, is spun out to a length that is even tedious, and, in its progress, seems to have involved the writer in contradictions of which he is himself unconscious, and paradoxes which he would, we think, find it somewhat difficult to reconcile.

'Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,
A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,
'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,
Unseen to drop by slow decay ;'

—this is the true language of poetical feeling ; but when the poet proceeds thus :

'I'd rather be the thing that crawls
Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls,
Than pass my dull, unvarying days,
Condemn'd to meditate and gaze ;'

besides that the expression reminds us a little too strongly of a very celebrated passage in a late tragedy of Mr. Coleridge's, (though somewhat differently applied,) we must confess our inability to ascertain what it is that in fact he wishes or does not wish—nor is our doubt at all cleared up by the succeeding couplet,

'Yet lurks a wish within my breast
For rest—yet not to feel 'tis rest.'

nor can we at all discover the *necessity* to which he would reduce us when, after (rather paradoxically) observing that

' Even bliss—'twere woe alone to bear ;'
he adds,

' The heart once left thus desolate,
Must fly at last for ease, to hate.'

We cannot help suspecting that the poet has in these and similar instances mistaken a vicious sensibility for metaphysical refinement—and, as the ardour of an imagination so peculiarly impressed may, if not checked by the fullest exercise of the reasoning faculties, be apt to lead gradually and imperceptibly to an entire perversion of all just principles of poetical taste, we have been induced to animadvert the more strongly on these instances of departure from good sense which, but for such an apprehension, might have been thought too trivial to demand our attention. In recompense to our readers for this piece of critical admonition to the poet, we must present them with one more extract from this part of his poem. Will they not agree with us, that distraction is here painted with a skill not unworthy of him who painted Lear, and Hamlet, and Ophelia?

' Tell me no more of fancy's gleam,
No, father, no, 'twas not a dream ;
Alas ! the dreamer first must sleep,
I only watch'd, and wish'd to weep ;
But could not, for my burning brow
Throbb'd to the very brain as now.
I wish'd but for a single tear,
As something welcome, new, and dear ;
I wish'd it then—I wish it still,
Despair is stronger than my will.
Waste not thine orison—despair
Is mightier than thy pious prayer ;
I would not, if I might, be blest,
I want no Paradise, but rest.
'Twas then, I tell thee, father ! then
I saw her—yes—she lived again ;
And shining in her white symar,
As through yon pale grey cloud, the star
Which now I gaze on, as on her
Who look'd and looks far lovelier ;
Dimly I view its trembling spark—
To-morrow's night shall be more dark—
And I—before its rays appear,
That lifeless thing the living fear.
I wander, father ! for my soul
Is fleeting towards the final goal ;
I saw her, friar ! and I rose,
Forgetful of our former woes ;

And rushing from my couch, I dart,
And clasp her to my desperate heart;
I clasp—what is it that I clasp?
No breathing form within my grasp,
No heart that beats reply to mine,
Yet, Leila! yet the form is thine!
And art thou, dearest, changed so much,
As meet my eye, yet mock my touch?
Ah! were thy beauties e'er so cold,
I care not—so my arms enfold
The all they ever wish'd to hold
Alas! around a shadow prest,
They shrink upon my lonely breast;
Yet still—'tis there—in silence stands,
And beckons with beseeching hands!
With braided hair, and bright-black eye,
I knew 'twas false—she could not die!
But he is dead—within the dell
I saw him buried where he fell;
He comes not—for he cannot break
From earth—why then art thou awake?
They told me, wild waves roll'd above
The face I view, the form I love;
They told me—'twas a hideous tale!
I'd tell it—but my tongue would fail;
If true—and from thine ocean cave
'Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave;
Oh! pass thy dewy fingers o'er
This brow that then will burn no more;
Or place them on my hopeless heart,
But, shape or shade,—whate'er thou art,
In mercy, ne'er again depart—
Or farther with thee bear my soul,
Than winds can waft—or waters roll!

With regard to the lesser and more artificial requisites of poetry—those which concern the execution and not the conception—those, which though conferred by art, not by the inspiration of native talent, are nevertheless of such importance to the achievement of poetical perfection, that even the consciousness of 'the present Deity' cannot absolve his worshippers from the neglect or contempt of them, we do not think that Lord Byron is altogether free from sin; but he does not deserve any of that severity of reprehension which is justly due to the daring and intentional violator of the law. His ear is excellently tutored and practised in the rules of metrical cadence—but in attending to this first ingredient in poetical harmony he has too much neglected the more mecha-

nical effects of sound, adopting without sufficient selection words and phrases of the most unmusical construction, and fatiguing and wounding the ear by the jingle of repeated rhymes or of words of similar sound too closely recurring. For instance,

- 'The *hour* is past—the *Giaour* is gone.'
- 'The rest in lengthening *line* the *while*
Wind slowly,' &c.
- 'Save *shrubs* that *spring*,' &c.
- 'Who falls in battle '*gainst* a *Giaour*.'
- 'Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream,
To still her famish'd nestlings' scream.'

These are sounds which we are quite certain the poet could never have heard himself pronounce before he committed them to paper; for though some ears are not nice enough to discriminate, his are certainly not of the number. But all who understand the rules of grammar, must, we think, join us in reprobating a custom, though sanctioned by the authority of ever so high a name, totally foreign to the genius of our language—that of omitting the article before a noun—as

- 'Start on the fisher's eye like boat
Of island-pirate or mainote.'

— 'Or live like scorpion girt with fire.'

We forbear to multiply instances; but we most earnestly wish that an English poet would set, and stedfastly adhere to, the example of writing English.

- 'that fallow front
Is scathed by fiery passion's *brunt*.'

Qu. Does the word *brunt* stand in this place as the representative of the Greek *Βερονη*? If so, it is employed in a signification to which we (at least) have been hitherto strangers—but if not, we humbly suggest that the passage is nonsense.

We hear that Lord Byron has an intention of soon revisiting the scenes which inspired him with the ideas developed in his present and former poem. We hear it with pleasure, and accept this fragment from the stores of his memory as an earnest of what will be certainly produced by the recurrence of former impressions upon an imagination like his own, improved by culture and matured by time.

We had brought the preceding remarks to a close, when 'a new edition, with additions,' was put into our hands, and we cannot suffer this paper to leave our possession without giving to it the notice which it demands.

The principal alteration consists in the insertion of a highly poetical description of Greece in her present fallen and degraded state, compared with the image reflected to us of her former glories. It is not extraordinary that such an idea should have brought to the mind the natural similitude of the decay of our mortal frame—but, after what we have already observed with respect to a very remarkable feature in the poet's mind, it will appear doubtless somewhat singular, that of this short additional passage he should have selected his images for at least the one half, not from the charnel house, indeed, but from the bier! Still, melancholy as is the impression it conveys, it is at the same time so exquisitely touching, that we cannot forbear from adding it to the length of our former quotations.

' He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled ;
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress ;
(Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
And mock'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And, but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now—
And, but for that chill changeless brow,
Whose touch thrills with mortality,
And curdles to the gazer's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;
Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments—aye—one treacherous hour,
We still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair—so calm—so softly seal'd
The first—last look—by death reveal'd !
Such is the aspect of this shore,
'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more !
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there.
Her's is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath ;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of feeling past away !

Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth.'

The following note on this passage will probably strike our readers as no less extraordinary than the images in the text. It is evidently the result of personal observation, and of deep and even cherished reflection.

'I trust that few of my readers have ever had an opportunity of witnessing what is here attempted in description, but those who have will probably retain a painful remembrance of that singular beauty which pervades, with few exceptions, the features of the dead, a few hours, and but for a few hours after 'the spirit is not there.' It is to be remarked, in cases of violent death by gun-shot wounds, the expression is always that of languor, whatever the natural energy of the sufferer's character; but in death from a stab the countenance preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity, and the mind its bias, to the last.'

ART. VII.—*A Tour through Italy, exhibiting a View of its Scenery, its Antiquities, and its Monuments; particularly as they are Objects of Classical Interest and Elucidation; with an Account of the present State of its Cities and Towns; and occasional Observations on the recent Spoliations of the French. By the Rev. John Chetwode Eustace. London: Mawman, 1813. 2 Vols. 4to. £5. 5s.*

(Continued from p. 578 of the former Number.)

ONE of the most distant but most interesting excursions from Naples is to Pæstum, where the monuments of antiquity are more worthy of notice than those in any other town in Italy, except Rome. These ruins are dimly perceptible at the distance of fifteen miles. On their arrival at Pæstum our traveller and his party

'Drove to the bishop's palace, not through crowded streets and pompous squares, but over a smooth turf, in the midst of bushes and brambles, with a solitary tree waving here and there over the waste. The unusual forms of three temples rising insulated and unfrequented, in the middle of such a wilderness, immediately engrossed our attention. We alighted, and hastened to the majestic piles; then wandered about them till the fall of night obliged us to repair to our mansion.' * * *

The following is one of the numerous instances in the course of this work in which Mr. Eustace has compressed a good deal of information within a small space; and has combined depth of research with solidity of judgment.

'Obscurity hangs over not the origin only but the general

history of this city, (Pæstum) though it has left such magnificent monuments of its existence. The mere outlines have been sketched out perhaps with accuracy; the details are probably obliterated for ever. According to the learned *Mazzechi*, Pæstum was founded by a colony of Dorians or Dorians, from Dora, a city of Phenicia, the parent of that race and name whether established in Greece or in Italy. It was first called *Posetan* or *Postan*, which in Phenician signifies Neptune, to whom it was dedicated. It was afterwards invaded, and its primitive inhabitants expelled by the Sybarites. This event is supposed to have taken place about five hundred years before the Christian era. Under its new masters Pæstum assumed the Greek appellation *Posidonia*, of the same import as its Phenician name, became a place of great opulence and magnitude, and is supposed to have extended from the present ruins southward to the hill, on which stands the little town still called from its ancient destination *Acropoli*. The Lucanians afterwards expelled the Sybarites, and checked the prosperity of *Posidonia*, which was in its turn deserted, and left to moulder away imperceptibly. Vestiges of it are still visible all over the plain of *Spinazzo* or *Saracino*; the original city then recovered its first name, and not long after was taken, and at length colonized by the Romans. From this period Pæstum is mentioned almost solely by the poets, who, from Virgil to Claudian, seem all to expatiate with delight amid its gardens, and grace their composition with the bloom, the sweetness and the fertility of its roses. But unfortunately the flowery retreats

"Victura rosaria Pæsti,"

seem to have had few charms in the eyes of the Saracens, and if possible, still fewer in those of the Normans, who, each in their turn plundered Pæstum, and at length compelled its few remaining inhabitants to abandon their ancient seat, and take shelter in the mountains. To them *Capaccio Vecchio*, and *Novo* are supposed to owe their origin; both these towns are situated on the hills: the latter is the residence of the bishop and chapter of Pæstum.

'It will naturally be asked to which of the nations that were successively in possession of Pæstum, the edifices which still subsist are to be ascribed: Not to the Romans who never seem to have adopted the genuine Doric style; the Sybarites are said to have occupied the neighbouring plain; the Dorians therefore appear to have the fairest claim to these majestic and everlasting monuments. But at what period were they erected? to judge from their form we must conclude that they are the oldest specimens of Grecian architecture now in existence. In beholding them and contemplating their solidity bordering upon heaviness, we are tempted to consider them as an intermediate link between the Egyptian and Grecian manners, and the first attempt to pass from the immense masses of the former to the

graceful proportions of the latter. In fact, the temples of *Pæstum*, *Agrigentum*, and *Athens*, seem instances of the commencement, the improvement, and the perfection of the Doric order.'

The author then describes the three temples mentioned above, and regrets that there is not sufficient public spirit either in the Neapolitan government, or in the proprietor of *Pæstum*, to remove the rubbish under which the interesting monuments of this ancient city are concealed from observation. The ravages of time are strongly marked in this place; for we learn that within the walls of *Pæstum*, which once enclosed a city of no small lustre and magnitude,

'now rise one cottage, two farm-houses, a villa and a church. The remaining space is covered with thick matted grass, overgrown with brambles, spreading over the ruins, or buried under yellow undulating corn. A few rose bushes, the remnants of the *biferi rosaria Pæsti*,* flourish neglected here and there, and still blossom twice a year, in May and December, as if to support their ancient fame, and justify the descriptions of the poets. The roses are remarkable for their fragrance. Amid these objects and scenes, rural and ordinary, rise the three temples, like the mausoleums of the ruined city, dark, silent, and majestic.'

Before Mr. Eustace left Naples, the Neapolitan court returned from Palermo, and great preparations were made to celebrate that event. The king was received with the most ardent expressions of joy, as if he had possessed the qualifications of a great and good prince, instead of being as destitute of wisdom and of virtue as a sovereign can well be. If Ferdinand the Fourth had been a Trajan, or a Marcus Antoninus, he could not have been welcomed with more vivid transport or more general exultation. But the people, who are led more by impulse than reflection, and in whom any momentary sensation is apt to swell into a torrent which reason in vain strives to resist, are never moderate in their expression either of joy or of grief, of applause or of dissatisfaction. Mr. Eustace gives the following sketch of the present King of Naples, or rather of Sicily. The delineation is certainly suffi-

* Virgil Georg. iv. 1. Virgil and Ovid just mention the *Pæstan* roses; Propertius introduces them as an instance of mortality—Claudian employs them to grace a complimentary comparison, Ausonius alone presents them in all their beauty and freshness.

Vidi *Pæstano* gaudere *rosaria* culta
Exoriente novo roscida *Lucifero*.

Idyll. xiv,

ciently favourable; and Mr. Eustace appears to have executed it with a feeling of complacency towards the monarch which prevented a very keen insight into the manifold defects of the individual; or rather the total vitiation and contemptible imbecility of his character.

Ferdinand IV. is now in the fifty-first year of his age; in his person he is tall and strait, rather thin than corpulent; his face is very long; his hair and eye-brows white, and his countenance on the whole far from comely, but lighted up by an expression of good nature and benignity that pleases more and lasts longer than symmetry of features. His manners are easy, his conversation affable, and his whole deportment (princes will pardon me if I presume to mention it as a compliment) that of a thorough gentleman. With regard to mental endowments, nature seems to have placed him on a level with the great majority of mankind, that is, in a state of mediocrity, and without either defect or excellency, a state best adapted to sovereign power, because least likely to abuse it. If one degree below it, a monarch becomes the tool of every designing knave near his person, whether valet or minister: if only one degree above it, he becomes restless and unintentionally mischievous, like the Emperor Joseph; and if cursed with genius, he turns out like Frederick, a conqueror and a despot. But the good sense which Ferdinand derived from nature, required the advantages of cultivation to develop and direct it; and these advantages he was unfortunately deprived of, in part perhaps by the early absence of his father, and in part by the negligence or design first of his tutors, and afterwards of his courtiers. Being raised to the throne in the eighth year of his age and shortly after left by his father under the direction of a regency, he cannot be supposed to be inclined, nor they capable of compelling him to application. The result has been as usual, a great propensity to active exercises, and an aversion to studious pursuits. The ignorance which follows from these habits is such as to extend to articles, known among us to every person above daily labour, and it not unfrequently shews itself in conversation, and betrays his majesty into mistakes that sometimes startle even well-trained courtiers. Thus, mention being accidentally made in his presence of the great power of the Turks some centuries ago, he observed that it was no wonder, as *all the world were Turks before the birth of our Saviour*. Upon another occasion, when the cruel execution of Louis XVI. then recent, happening to be the subject of conversation, one of the courtiers remarked, that it was the second crime of the kind that stained the annals of modern Europe: the king asked with surprize, when such a deed had been perpetrated before; the courtier replying in England, Ferdinand asked, with a look of disbelief, what King of England was ever put to death by his people? the other of course an-

swering Charles I. his majesty exclaimed with some degree of warmth and indignation,—*No Sir, it is impossible, you are misinformed; the English are too loyal and brave a people to be guilty of such an atrocious crime. He added; depend upon it, Sir, it is a mere tale trumped up by the Jacobins at Paris to excuse their own guilt by the example of so great a nation: it may do very well to deceive their own people, but it will not, I hope, dupe us.*

Mr. Eustace exhibits a more favourable picture of the *Lazzaroni* of Naples than many other writers; but he distinguishes them 'from a set of beggars who infest the churches, and are seen lounging in rags and idleness in public places,' who endeavour to extort by sturdy importunity what the 'true born Neapolitan *Lazzaroni*' are willing to earn by honest industry. The Neapolitan *Lazzaroni* then, as they are represented by Mr. Eustace, are a large mass of persons who, without any fixed employment, are willing to 'take any job that is offered.'

Their dress is often only a shirt and trowsers: their diet, *maccaroni*, fish, water-melon, with iced water, and not unfrequently wine; and their habitation the portico of a church or palace. Their athletic forms and constant flow of spirits are sufficient demonstrations of the salutary effects of such plain food and simple habits.

The *Lazzaroni* are said, on some occasions, to have displayed a degree of public spirit, of which their superiors in rank and wealth have manifested a lamentable want. Thus the introduction of the inquisition into the Neapolitan territory, is said to have been prevented by their vigorous opposition to that detestable measure. They have sometimes acted as a check on the despotic spirit of the government; and, on the invasion of the French, they would have made a desperate stand against those marauders if the public interest had not been basely abandoned by the pusillanimity of the government.

'Idleness,' says Mr. Eustace, with great truth and discrimination, 'is the curse and misfortune of the Neapolitan, and indeed of all foreign nobility; it is the bane which in despotic governments enfeebles the powers and blasts all the virtues of the human mind. To it we may boldly attribute the spirit of intrigue (if lawless intercourse carried on without shame or concealment can be called intrigue) which at Naples so often defiles the purity of the marriage bed, and dries up the very source of domestic happiness.

"*Otia si tollas, periere cupidinis artes.*"

Before Mr. Eustace quits the Neapolitan territory he takes a sort of farewell view of that lovely region, where

nature has provided such a rich banquet for all the senses of man. The following is a parting sketch of this landscape of delight.

'Plains shaded with rows of poplars and mulberries; vines waving in garlands from tree to tree; rich harvests bending under this canopy; hills clad with groves and studded with houses; mountains covered with forests; and in the midst, Vesuvius lifting his scorched front and looking down upon cities, towns, and villages, rising promiscuously at his base. Add to these, a sea that never swells with storms, a sky never darkened with clouds, and a sun that seldom withdraws his cheering beams. All these beauties that pourtray Paradise to our fancy, and surpass at once the landscape of the painter and the descriptions of the poet, are all combined in this garden of Italy the happy *Campania*.'

Mr. Eustace lingers for some time at Rome on his return, and completes his picture of the venerable city. The following will give the general reader a very distinct and correct idea of the plentiful supply of water in ancient Rome. But we must premise that our traveller is speaking of Rome in the reign of Nero, and that he has followed Frontinus in the number of the aqueducts.

'Ancient Rome was supplied with water by nine aqueducts, of which the first was opened by Appius, and bears his name. The others were, *Anio Vetus*—*Martia*—*Tepula*—*Julia*—*Virgo*—*Alsietina* (Augusta)—*Claudia*—*Anio Novus*. These aqueducts ran a distance of from twelve to sixty-two miles, and conveyed whole rivers through mountains and over plains, sometimes under ground, and sometimes supported by arches, to the centre of the city. Two in particular, the *Claudia* and *Anio Nova*, were carried over arches for more than twenty miles, and sometimes raised more than one hundred and twenty feet above the level of the country. The channel through which the water flowed in these aqueducts, (and in one of them two streams rolled unmingled the one over the other,) was always wide and high enough for workmen to pass and carry materials for repair, and all were lined with a species of plaster hard and impenetrable as marble itself, called by the ancients, *opus signinum*. Of these aqueducts three are sufficient to supply modern Rome, though it contains not less than one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants, with a profusion of water superabundantly sufficient for all private as well as public purposes; what a prodigious quantity then must nine have poured continually into the ancient city.

'The number of public reservoirs of water called from their depth and extent *Lakes*, is supposed to have been more than thirteen hundred, and that of fountains scarcely credible, since

Agrippa alone opened more than one hundred in the space of one year.'

After mentioning the forums, porticos, baths and temples, in all of which the Romans eminently displayed their luxury and magnificence, the author remarks, 'that all the above-mentioned edifices were supported by pillars, and that these pillars were all of granite or marble, oftentimes of the most beautiful species, and that generally each shaft was of one single piece. When we take this latter circumstance into consideration, and combine it with the countless multitude of these columns, and add to these again the colonnades that graced the imperial palaces, and the courts and porticos of private houses, we shall be enabled to form some idea of the beauty and magnificence, that must have resulted from the frequent recurrence and ever varying combinations of such pillared perspectives.'

If we were to make the public buildings of a nation the criterion of its public spirit, we believe that, in this point of view, the public spirit of the moderns will not bear any comparison with that of the ancients. The ancients, meaning more especially the Greeks and Romans, seem to have placed their pride and their gratification in the architectural embellishments of their country. And these embellishments were combined with those of statuary and painting. Thus the public spirit not only of the people but of their respective governments took a direction favourable to the improvement of the fine arts; and the popular taste was at once delighted and refined by the utmost variety and luxuriance of beautiful forms. The ancients, both individually and collectively, often almost exhausted their revenues in augmenting the public stock of visible gratification in their porticos, temples, &c.; but, amongst the moderns there is little of this species of expence. The enlarged view of general gratification and national ornament is contracted into the petty sphere of selfish indulgence, or individual vanity. The revenues of modern states are in general much larger than those of ancient; but what works of public magnificence do modern governments erect? Their revenues are for the most part lavished in military ravage or domestic corruption; but what portion of the enormous mass of modern taxation is devoted to works of general usefulness or national ornament? If we were to compare the administration of Mr. Pitt with that of Pericles, and contrast the respective means which each possessed for the embellishment of his native land with works of the highest beauty and the greatest

usefulness, with the master-pieces of architecture, painting and sculpture, what a mean, what a pitiful figure will the Englishman make by the side of the Athenian? The revenues of Athens in the age of Pericles will bear no comparison with those of Great Britain in the ministry of Mr. Pitt; but Pericles with his comparatively slender resources, filled Athens, during his administration, with the choicest works of art, and with structures of such solidity, beauty and magnificence, that even their ruins, after more than twenty centuries of devastation or decay, are still regarded with the most lively interest and the most profound admiration. But what monument of the arts has Mr. Pitt left to eternize his name or to render it worthy to be placed on the same scroll on which Fame has inscribed that of Pericles to be read with sentiments of veneration till all human works sink in oblivion, and all human interests cease.

Even in the worst days of ancient Rome, and under some of her most depraved emperors, the attention of the sovereign was not entirely withdrawn from works of public utility and magnificence. They erected forums, porticos, baths, and temples. In order to give the reader some idea, says Mr. Eustace, of the number of porticos with which Rome was adorned,

'it will be sufficient to inform him that the approach to the Curia, the Basilica, and the Forums, was generally by porticos: that several ranges of porticos led to the capitol, and lined the sides of the declivity; that the *Campus Martius* was surrounded by an uninterrupted colonnade; that almost every emperor distinguished himself by the erection of a new edifice of the kind; and that Nero is said by Suetonius to have lined the streets of Rome (those probably which he himself had rebuilt) with a continued portico.' 'Several porticos were erected by the latter emperor of an astonishing extent. Such was that of Gallienus, extending near two miles along the *Via Flaminia*, that is, from the *Via Lata* to the *Pons Milvius*; that of Gordian to the *Campus Martius*, which was a mile in length, and formed of one range of pilasters and four of columns, opening upon plantations of box, cedar and myrtle.' * * * 'I cannot,' adds our author, 'but express both my surprise and my regret that the public portico has never been introduced into England, or employed in the decoration of the capital. If we consult utility, no edifice is better adapted to a cold and rainy climate: if magnificence, none can be more beautiful or more stately. Every square at least might be lined, and every church and theatre surrounded by porticos; the want of them around places of public

resort is a real nuisance. But our taste in public edifices is still in its infancy.'

Mr. Eustace might have added that our public spirit is smothered under a miserable selfishness. Our national measures, even those of the greatest moment, have no other spring than that of individual interest. The public good is counted as nothing, when it comes in competition with some petty personal emolument or gratification.

Mr. Eustace again leaves Rome, which is evidently the scene of his most favourite associations, and the site on which the glow of classic enthusiasm kindles in his breast, with lingering reluctance and fond regret. After hailing once more

'the genius of Rome in the colonnade of St. Peter,' we 'retired', says our author, 'after sun-set to the gardens of the *Villa Medici* on the *Pincian Mount* (*Collis Hortulorum*.) There we seated ourselves under a cluster of pines and poplars that hung waving over the ancient walls of the city, and as we enjoyed the freshness of the evening air, reflected upon the glorious objects we had seen, and the many happy hours we had passed in this grand Capital of the civilized world, the seat of taste, literature, and magnificence. We were now about to take our leave for ever probably of these noble scenes.'

Before Mr. Eustace recommences his tour, he makes some remarks on the character of the Romans, ancient and modern. Amidst various sensible observations he says that, notwithstanding the arbitrary nature of the Roman government which offers no incentives to honourable ambition, and has no tendency to foster and expand any great qualities of mind or heart,

'some features of the ancient are still strongly marked in the character of the modern Roman: as amid the palaces of the present there still arise many traces of the former city. This resemblance is very naturally preserved by various circumstances; in the first place as the language of their ancestors is an essential part of their education, and as their application to it commences at a very early period, they soon become acquainted of the ancient glories of their country, and with its history imbibe a certain generous pride not totally devoid of magnanimity. The same effect is necessarily produced by the contemplation of the grand monuments that tower around them, and force themselves upon the observation of the most inattentive. In the next place, the superiority which Rome has always enjoyed in the liberal arts, such as architecture, painting, and sculpture, and consequently her superior beauty and magnificence, which while they attract strangers from the most remote countries,

must unavoidably awaken in the bosom of a citizen some emotions of self-importance and complacency. Thirdly, Rome has always been considered as the capital of the empire and the metropolis of Christendom. In the first quality she gives title and precedency to the first sovereign in Europe; under the second, she confers upon her bishops rank and pre-eminence above all others, even though primates and patriarchs; privileges in both cases so brilliant as to reflect upon Rome a lustre still unequalled, and inspire her inhabitants with lofty sentiments of her grandeur and their own dignity.'

From Rome Mr. Eustace proceeds to Florence. He set out at two o'clock after midnight, and the beautiful dawn which he beheld on his journey causes him to give the following discriminating sketch of the rich and varied lustre of an Italian sky.

' * * * Aurora, such as *Guido* contemplated, and vainly endeavoured to represent in earthly colours, shed over the *Sabine* mountains a rich glow gradually softening as more distant into purple, lined with gold a few fleecy clouds that strewed her path and at length poured a stream of the brightest saffron over all the eastern sky. The tints that gild the clouds even in our northern climates, are as rich and as varied as can be imagined, but the deep purple distances of the horizon, and the glowing yellow of the firmament in Italy, far surpass ours in hue and splendour, and produce that airy perspective, that livid atmosphere, called in painting an Italian sky. In the contemplation of this beautiful and ever varying phenomenon, we drove till we reached the first post, *La Storta*, and then enjoyed the glories of the sun, till concealing himself in a *golden fringed* cloud, as in a chariot, he darted his rays from behind it, and set the whole firmament in a blaze.'

As Mr. Eustace passes by the lake Trasimenus, he presents us with a very distinct and accurate verbal map of the scene of that memorable victory which Hannibal obtained over the Romans, when fifteen thousand of their troops were slain, with the consul Flaminius at their head.

'Descending the high hill of *Magiona* we first discovered, gleaming through a wood of oaks, the lake Trasimenus, and at the village of *Torricelli* at the foot of the hill we found ourselves on its banks. This lake is a very noble expanse of water, about ten miles in length and about seven in breadth.' * * * From *Torricelli* the road winds along the margin of the lake to a village called *Passignano*, which occupies a very narrow defile, closed on one side by the lake, on the other by a rocky precipice. Beyond this defile, the road crosses a plain, bounded by the lake on the left, and on the right by a semicircular ridge of hills and mountains. This ridge, which falls back in the centre,

advances again on the sides, and closes on the lake at *Passignano* in a precipice; and at *Borghetto* in a lofty acclivity. The plain thus enclosed is about six miles in length, that is from the former to the latter of these places, and about four in breadth from the lake to the mountains. Hannibal could not have discovered or even have desired a situation more favourable to stratagem and ambush. In the centre of this plain he encamped at the head of his African and Spanish troops; the *Baleares* and light armed forces he placed in the recesses of the mountains all around, while his cavalry were commissioned to occupy the defile on the rear of the Romans, as soon as they had passed through it. The consul entered by *Borghetto* with his characteristic rashness and impetuosity, and hastened to attack the army which he beheld in front: when a sudden shout bursting around informed him that he was beset on all sides; a thick mist arising from the lake darkened the air, noise, confusion, dismay, defeat, and slaughter followed. The return of sunshine shewed the ground strewn with the bodies of the Romans, and the lake crimsoned with their blood. A streamlet, which nearly intersects the plain in the middle, still retains the name of *Sanguineto*, or *Fassa del Sangue*, is supposed to water the spot where the consul fell, and is said by the peasants to have rolled a torrent of blood to the *Trasimenus*, and empurpled its waters to a considerable distance. This rill is the most popular and perhaps the most permanent memorial of this disastrous battle; it is known and pointed out by every peasant and driver, and contemplated by all with some degree of horror.

'The modern Romans,' continues Mr. Eustace, 'are accused of habitual indolence, and a disposition to mendicancy; a reproach founded upon hasty and partial observation. To repose during the heat of the day is a custom established in all southern countries, is conformable to the practice of the ancients, and is both useful and wholesome, as by sacrificing hours when exercise is dangerous or oppressive, it leaves the morning and evening, that is, all the cool and delightful part of the day, with much of the night, open to business and amusement. The time given to labour and rest is in quantity the same as in northern regions, but divided in a different manner. As for mendicancy, I have already observed, that in countries and cities where the poor are supported by voluntary contributions, mendicancy is not easily avoidable; in favor of Rome I must add, that the number of beggars is not greater there than in other capitals of the same population, and that the wretches who infest the churches and public edifices are in general strangers, attracted by the facility of gathering alms in a city, frequented by so many rich travellers, and filled with so many convents and pious establishments. The extreme misery which we witnessed was owing to the entire spoliation of all the hos-

pitals and asylums, to the ruin of public credit, the impoverishment of the clergy, nobility, and householders, by the exactions of the soldiery, and in short to the general system of plunder exercised by the French while in possession of the city.

From the account of our traveller we infer that the morals of the Romans are not so depraved as they have been sometimes represented, and that there is altogether less room for censure in Rome than in the other cities of Italy.

* * * *Cicisbeism*, which in its most qualified practice is an insult to decency, is neither so common nor so flagrant; the morals of the cardinals, prelates, and clergy, and even of the middling class of citizens, are pure and unimpeachable; and the people in general are mild, open-hearted in their intercourse, and in their manners extremely decorous and even stately. This latter quality of the Romans cannot escape the most superficial observer; while the classic traveller sees, or seems to see, in this unaffected gravity and dignified deportment, some traces of the majesty of the ancients, and fancies that he can still discover in their fallen descendants

Romanos rerum dominos gentemque togatam.

Those who have beheld the Panorama of Florence, which is at present exhibiting in the Strand, may compare it with the description which we are going to extract; and those who have not, may, by perusing what follows, have a very correct mental picture of this celebrated city, which liberty and the arts once made their favourite haunt; but which liberty has long forsook, though the arts still remain but languishing for the support of that inspiring associate, without which they are apt to droop like the vine without the stay of the elm.

'Florence is situated in a vale, intersected by the Arno, graced by numberless hills, and bordered at no great distance by mountains of various forms, rising gradually towards the Apennines. The whole vale is one continued grove and garden, where the beauty of the country is enlivened by the animation of the town, and the fertility of the soil redoubled by the industry of its cultivators. White villas gleam through the orchards on every side, and large populous hamlets border the roads, and almost line the banks of the river.'

* * * 'The city itself spreads along the side of the river which forms one of its greatest ornaments, and contributes not a little to its fame. Its streets are well paved or rather flagged, wider than usual in southern climates, and its houses in general solid and rather stately. It has several squares, and many churches and palaces, so that its appearance is airy, clean, and sometimes rising towards grandeur.'

The famous Laurentian library in the convent annexed to the church of St. Laurence, which afforded the most precious monuments of the worth, genius, and munificence of the Medicean family, had already suffered considerably from the robbery of the French when Mr. Eustace was at Florence; and he seems to think it probable that the whole would be transported to Paris, to add to the *honestly-earned* trophies of that capital.

Mr. Eustace remarks, with his usual discrimination, that the dome, which crowns the cathedral at Florence, is not so pleasing nor so grand as that of St. Peter's at Rome, as the form is octagonal, and it is closed at the top 'and consequently dark and dismal to a spectator, who recollects the soft lights that play round the vaults, and illuminate the mosaics of the Vatican.' But the circumstance which renders the cathedral of Florence, as well as the other churches in that city, most interesting to a traveller of cultivated mind, is the number of men of genius and talents, whose mortal remains are at rest under its pavement; and to many of whom we are chiefly indebted for the revival of literature. Over such remains no man can well tread, without feeling the truth of the common wish in the common expression, *sit tibi terra levis!* May the earth lie lightly on thy breast!

'A picture only records the memory of Dante, whose remains, notwithstanding the lustre which his genius reflects upon his country, slumber in exile at Ravenna, in a tomb erected and inscribed by Bernardo, father of the Cardinal Bembo.' * * * 'The Florentines have indeed at various times endeavoured to recover the relics of their illustrious citizen, and particularly during the reign of Leo X. when Michael Angelo himself is said to have exerted his influence to obtain them; but in vain: the people of Ravenna, who had the honor of affording the exiled poet an asylum when living, conceive that they have the best title to the honour of preserving his ashes when dead.—"*Exulem a Florentia excepit Ravenna,*" says the epitaph, *vivo fruens, mortuum colens, * * * tumulum preciosum musis.* S. P. E. RAV. jure ac are suo tanquam thesaurum suum munivit, instauravit ornavit."

After mentioning the grand bronze portals, belonging to the Baptistery, adjoining the cathedral, which are adorned with basso relievos of exquisite workmanship, which Michael Angelo called the gates of Paradise, and which appear to have been executed in an early part of the fourteenth century, when the genius of the arts is supposed to have been smothered under the ignorance and barbarism of the times, Mr. Eustace remarks that

‘Our ideas of the middle ages are in many respects the mere prejudices of childhood. Europe, or at least Italy was never involved in such utter darkness as some of our modern oracles endeavour to make their unthinking readers imagine. Some of the Italian republics were then in the full enjoyment of liberty, and liberty never yet visited a country without bringing knowledge and taste, the arts and the sciences in her train. In fact, the century and the country that produced *Cimabue* and *Giotto*, *Arnolfo* and *Ugolini*, *Dante* and *Petrarcha*, could not have been deficient in genius or criticism, in painting or sculpture, in design or in architecture.’

We must not quit Florence without stopping to hear our traveller say something of its famous gallery, though it, at present, offers so many subjects of regret in the vacant frames and pedestals which were formerly occupied by the *Venus of Medicis*, the *Faun*, the *Wrestlers*, and other master-pieces of Art. Notwithstanding the dreary void, however, which has been made by the removal of the best statues and paintings, the gallery still retained many ‘excellent in their kinds, and capable singly of giving reputation to any transalpine collection.’ This gallery, which was built in the year 1564, is ‘in the form of the Greek Π,’ and is

‘More than five hundred feet in length,’ ‘occupies the whole length of the building on both sides, and the end or space that forms the communication. Each wing of this gallery is four hundred and sixty feet in length, and the part that forms the communication is more than one hundred; it is about twenty-four in breadth, and nearly as many in height. The ceiling is painted in fresco, and represents in one wing various mythological subjects, in the middle and the other wing, conspicuous persons and events remarkable in the annals of *Florence*. These paintings are only interesting inasmuch as they are connected with the history of the art. Immediately under the ceiling is a line of portraits of great men, both ancient and modern; of the latter many are copied from originals. The walls are adorned with pictures, and lined with busts and statues all antique, some in marble and some in bronze. All the busts are of Roman emperors, or of persons connected with imperial families. The statues generally represent gods or heroes; of these, few are perfect, most having been damaged, and repaired with more or less felicity by modern artists. Intermingled with the statues and busts are altars and sarcophagi, shields and trophies. Above the statues the pictures are ranged in such a manner as to form the history of the art from the eleventh century down to the seventeenth.’

Hardly any city contains in its adjacent scenery a greater

CRIT. REV. Vol. 4, July, 1813. G

variety of rural beauty than the neighbourhood of Florence. 'Of all the objects in the immediate vicinity of Florence, Fiesole is from its antiquity, its situation, and its celebrity, one of the most conspicuous and attractive.' It was 'one of the twelve Etrurian cities,' and prolonged its existence till the commencement of the eleventh century. It is 'now a lonely but beautiful village.'

'Placed on the summit of a lofty and broken eminence, it looks down on the vale of *Arno*, and commands *Florence* with all its domes, towers, and palaces, the villas that encircle it, and the roads that lead to it. The recesses, swells, and breaks of the hill on which it stands are covered with groves of pines, ilex, and cypress. Above these groves rises the dome of the cathedral; and in the midst of them reposes a rich and venerable abbey, founded by the Medicean family. Behind the hill at a distance swell the Apennines. That a place graced with so many beauties should delight the poet and the philosopher is not wonderful, and accordingly we find it alluded to with complacency by Milton, panegyricized by Politian, inhabited by Picus, and frequented by Lorenzo. The abbey of *Fiesole* was the retreat of Picus, and governed at that time by an abbot worthy of such a guest, *Matteo Bosso*, one of the most eminent scholars of that age. The frugal table of this venerable sage united not unfrequently the three last mentioned persons with *Ficinus* and *Hermolaus Barbarus*. Such a society has been compared to Plato's repasts, and to the philosophic interviews of Cicero and his friends. In genius and eloquence, they imitated, but could not presume to rival these illustrious associations; but in virtue and in that superior wisdom which they derived from Christianity, they far surpassed their famed predecessors. Politian has celebrated *Fæsulæ* and the scenes which he so often contemplated with all the rapture of a poet, at the conclusion of his *Rusticus*, a subject which the genius of the place seems to have inspired.

'Hic resonat blando tibi pinus amata susurro
Hic vaga coniferis insibilat aura cupressis;
Hic scatebris salit et bullentibus incita venis
Pura coloratos interstrepit unda lapillos
Talia Fæsaleo lentus meditabar in antro
Rure sub urbano Medicæ, qua mons sacer urbem
Mæoniam, longique volumina despicit Arni,
Qua bonus hospitium felix, placidamque quietem
Indulgens Laurens, Laurens non ultima Phœbi
Gloria, jactatis Laurens fida anchora musis.'

The excursion in the neighbourhood of Florence, which abounds most in picturesque beauty, is that to the abbey of Vallombrosa, the road to which runs for thirteen miles in the vale of *Arno*, along the banks of the river of that

name. The description which Mr. Eustace has given of this journey, will, we have no doubt, be perused by the reader with a good deal of pleasure, similar to that with which it was performed by the writer. The writer has delineated the whole scene with great sensibility and taste, and the description is pervaded by a sort of devotional glow which heightens at once the beauty and the interest.

'A little beyond Pelago,' says Mr. Eustace, 'we began to ascend the Apennines, and winding along their sides enjoyed, as we advanced, many delicious views of hills crowned with villas, and mountains sometimes covered, and sometimes merely spotted with the olive, the vine, and ilex. The beauty of the scenery increased upon us at every step, and as we passed through groves of lofty chestnuts intermingled with oak, we occasionally caught the view of a torrent tumbling from the crags, a church seated on the bosom of a fertile hill, or a broken ridge of rocks and precipices. At a little distance from the abbey we observed a large stone cross placed at the entrance of a wood of firs thick and lofty, whose deep shade was lighted up by the horizontal rays of the setting sun that shot along the arcades formed by their meeting branches. As we entered, the abbey bell tolled to call the monks to the evening service, and continued tolling till we emerged from the gloom of this path to a little plain, bounded behind by a semi-circular curve of steep mountains covered to the summit with one continued forest. Here we beheld the antique towers, and pinnacles of the abbey rising full before us; and on a nearer approach heard the swell of the organ, and the voices of the choir, and instantly alighting under the archway of the gate, hastened to the church. The monks were then singing the *qui habitat* (ninety-first Psalm), which is part of the evening service. The melody was sweet and solemn; a long pause between each verse gave it time to produce its full effect; and the gloom of the church, the lights on the altar, the chant of the choir, and the tones of the organ could not fail to awaken in the mind, already prepared by the scenery, and circumstances of place and time, a strong emotion of piety, awe, and melancholy. When service was ended, the monks retired in deep silence, like so many ghosts gliding along the nave, and disappearing in the aisles; we withdrew with regret. We were then conducted by the father appointed to receive strangers to the usual apartments allotted to visitants, and treated with unaffected hospitality.'

'The little plain in which the abbey stands is imbosomed in the Apennines, open to the rays of the western sun, but enclosed on the south, east, and north, by a semicircular ridge of mountains. The steep acclivity is clothed to the summit with forests of ancient firs, oaks, and beeches, waving one above the other,

and sometimes apparently hanging from the very brows of the precipices and bending over the steep. In the upper regions an occasional glade breaks the uniformity of forest scenery, while the naked summits expand into wide grassy downs, and command a beautiful view over the *Arno* and its storied vale, *Florence* and all its neighbouring hills on one side, and extending on the other to the wilds of *Camaldoli* and *La Vernia*. The elevation is so considerable even at the abbey, as to affect the temperature of the air, insomuch indeed that after having panted so long at Naples, Rome, and Florence, we found ourselves delightfully refreshed at *Vallombrosa* by the cool breezes of an English summer. The day after our arrival the good father, who was appointed to attend strangers, was so obliging as to defer dinner till a late hour, in order to enable us to make our intended excursion to the summit of the mountain; and after breakfast we set out, crossing first the little plain in which the abbey stands; and then passing a stream that descends from the cliff, we began the ascent by a narrow pathway which winds up the acclivity, but is yet sufficiently steep and laborious. However, as the heat was by no means oppressive, and we walked under a deep shade the whole way, the ascent was not very fatiguing. The trees that form the forest through which we passed, are generally old, shattered, and venerable; and the silence that reigned around us interrupted, perhaps I might have said heightened, by the murmurs of the wind unusually deep in such a vast mass of foliage, was extremely impressive, and gave the savage scene around us a grand, a melancholy solemnity. The channels of several torrents now dry, but encumbered with fragments of rock and trunks of trees hurled down by the fury of the mountain stream, furrowed the sides of the steep, and added to its rude magnificence. Down one of these channels a rill still continued to roll, and tumbling from rock to rock formed several cascades, whose tinklings were faintly heard amidst the hollow roar of the forests. When we reached the summit we walked up and down to enjoy the cool breezes that always fan the higher regions of the Apennines, and to contemplate at the same time the picture expanded beneath us; on one side, the declivity shagged with wood, and enclosing in an oval sweep the lawn and abbey of *Vallombrosa*; and on the other, a long ridge of bleak rugged mountains. We then reclined under a thicket on the brow of the eminence, and compared the scenery immediately under us with Milton's description, of which it is supposed by many to be the original.

While thus employed on the summit, we heard the bell tolling below for afternoon service, and immediately began our descent. The tolling of a church bell is one of the few sounds that disturb the silence without lessening the solemnity of solitary scenes. In our descent we stopped occasionally to listen to its deep roar, re-echoed from the opposite woods, and re-

bellowed from steep to steep. It occurred to me as I worked my way down the dry bed of a torrent, and now and then stopped to breathe and admire the *rupes* at *vacuum nemus*; that these forests and dells that now resound with the toll of the church going bell, once perhaps repeated the screams and shouts of the Bacchanalian throng.'

Mr. Eustace mentions another excursion from the abbey which leads 'by a winding pathway, where

"the Etrurian shades

High over-arch'd embower"

to an hermitage, or rather a little convent, erected on the flat surface of a rock projecting from the sides of the mountain. This retreat is a very commodious house, with a little garden behind, and a fountain clear as crystal bubbling out from a cleft in the rock; it has a chapel annexed to it, and is divided into a variety of little galleries, oratories, and cells, very neatly furnished and adorned with pictures and prints, and the whole in a style totally different from every other dwelling, fancifully pretty, and peculiarly conformable to its destination. This romantic hermitage is called, partly I suppose from its situation and prospect, and partly from its internal conveniences *Paradisi-*
sino; and I must confess, that I never visited an abode better calculated to furnish the hermit with all the *aids* of meditation, and all the luxuries of holy retirement. From his window he may behold the *Val d'Arno*, and the splendours of Florence, at a distance too great to dazzle: around him he sees spread all the grandeur and all the gloom of rocks, forests, and mountains; by his fountain side he may hear the tinkling of rills and the roaring of torrents. Sometimes, too, while absorbed in meditation, the swell of the distant organ, and the voices of the choir far below may steel upon his ear, and *prompt the song of praise.*'

[To be concluded in our next.]

ART. VIII.—*Gustavus Vasa, and other Poems.* By
W. S. Walker. London, Longman and Co. 1813, 8vo.
pp. 270. Price 10s. 6d.

THERE are some peculiar circumstances attending the publication of this volume, on which we shall offer a few words. Public display of precocious talent is no longer interesting on the score of novelty, as the harvest of literary prodigies from six to sixteen has been of late years superabundant. It is not therefore from a reference to the age of our present author simply, (he informs us that he is only sixteen years of age), but from a view to that, combined with the circumstances under which we find him, as

also with a regard to the real merit of his volume, that we have judged him of sufficient consequence to occupy a few pages of our Review.

Mr. Walker is at present an upper boy at one of the most celebrated, if not the most celebrated school of classical learning in the kingdom,* where his taste has been formed by the purest models of ancient poetry, and his own disposition has led him in the hours, which are free from scholastic duties, to acquire an acquaintance with our own poets. It is our duty then to look to the result of these manifest advantages, not forgetting to keep them steadily in view during the exercise of critical jurisdiction. There is no possible parallel between those, who have lisped in numbers, under every unfavourable circumstance of situation in life, as a Bloomfield, or a Blackett, and who have been for years conversing with persons devoid of all mental refinement, and a young aspirant, who is enjoying the benefits of education, and sharing them with the first nobles of the land. As may be supposed then, the subjects, the ideas, the diction of this poetical essay are widely different from those of boys of uneducated talent, whose early habits have very naturally led them to pastoral and descriptive poetry. To burst upon us with four books of an epic poem, is doubtless rather bold, but this species of confidence is the effect, and the very natural effect of a consciousness of strength. It is a mere truism to observe, that youth under every circumstance will be deficient in judgment, more especially so, when hurried away by the ardour of poetical composition; but it would not be equally true, were any one to assert, that the habit of contemplating pure models, and of hearing elegant criticism from the pulpit of a scholastic instructor, were of themselves sufficient remedies against a general defect incident to a particular stage of life. In point of judgment in composition, there will be seldom much difference deducible from education, while only in progress: the educated and uneducated will both err, but they will err in a different way; for in general a certain degree of timidity in a self-taught genius, will prove as salutary a restraint to all offensive exuberances, as the critical knowledge of the boy, who has been classically instructed. Our readers see, that this is a prelude to the observation that there are some glaring deficiencies of judgment in

* Eton college.

our author; there are so, and these deficiencies are precisely such as would naturally arise from the circumstances above cited. Mr. Walker's habitual studies have preserved him from absurdity of metaphor, and affected viciousness of style, but the 'currens calamus,' over which he has as yet acquired no controul, has led him into a reprehensible diffuseness of narrative; and the daily custom of reading and repeating classical authors, has occasionally given too strong a taint of Roman ideas and manners to modern subjects. The former of these defects is most prominent in the poem entitled '*Gustavus Vasa*,' the latter in that of '*the Exile*.' They are neither, however, faults, which need in any way discourage the poet; the former will by a little experience work its own cure, the latter is a failing, which we by no means regret to see at the author's present age. We look at his present volume, only as a specimen, a promise of more successful exertion in future, and the defect, which we are noticing, assures us of a good store of ideas laid up in the mind, though want of leisure to form as yet any very intimate acquaintance with English writers, and inexperience, have not afforded the means of arranging such ideas, or making any mental classification of the contents of this store-house.

Gustavus Vasa, of which three books and a portion of a fourth are here produced as a specimen of the author's abilities, is an epic poem in rhyme, not a bad copy in point of cadence of Pope's *Iliad*: in the notes a plan is laid down for seven succeeding books, with a table of contents for each book; but this is not all, for having carried on his subject through ten books, the author adds rather unadvisedly,

'The remaining books, ten or fourteen in number, (making the aggregate twenty-four), will be occupied with a detail of the long and various war waged by Gustavus against Christiern, and the poem will conclude with his coronation.'

We say that this promise is an ill advised one, for as in the three complete books before us, little or no progress is made in the real business or action of the poem, unless in the sequence the work becomes '*dispar sibi*,' and is most compressed, where the abundance of matter demands most dilation, there is no assignable number of books that will conduct us through the life and adventures of Gustavus—but the reasons which we have before urged, make the plan of this poem far less an object of critical remark, than the execution; it is from the latter

that we are to judge, whether Mr. Walker is likely to become conspicuous in that line of exertion, which he has selected; we are of opinion that he undoubtedly will become so, an opinion which we trust our extracts will tend to propagate. The subject too is well chosen; there is a chivalrous and romantic spirit in the hero, which excites interest; while his political foresight, patient and determined spirit, demand admiration. The vicissitudes of his fortunes give excellent scope for fable, the wild scenery of his country is a subject nearly 'unattempted yet in verse,' and lastly, the subordinate dramatis personæ, persons, who from confined means of intercourse with the more polished parts of Europe, must have preserved much originality of manner and thought, and many excrescences not worn off by the collision of society, afford an ample field for delineation of character. Nor has Mr. Walker lost sight of these advantages; though the attention of the reader is certainly slacken'd by the diffuseness of the narrative, it is very frequently recalled by pictures too strongly marked to be cursorily observed. We are not very fond of the frequent intervention of super-human agency, our young poet's taste for the introduction of a genius of Sweden, and subservient spirits is the very natural result of sitting down to write, when he has just returned from school, and thrown his Homer on the table; reflection will shew him, how much less adapted these persons are to modern than to ancient narrative poetry, for such must be the definition of all epic composition drawn from real history. As even Homer himself has been said only to allegorize, when he introduces his deities, any poet may shelter himself under a similar plea, but in what after all consists the strength of such a plea? If allegory wears so thick a cloak as not to be discernible, what matters the intention of the poet? the effect on the reader is to be the test of the experiment.

As it is not our intention to analyse that, which is only a fragment, we shall be desultory in the few extracts that we make. The following, at the commencement of book the third, is no vulgar invocation.

'Auspicious spirit, whosoe'er thou art,
Who warm, exalt, and fill the poet's heart;
Who bade young Homer pour the martial strain,
And led the Tuscan bard thro' hell's profound domain,
By whom unequal Camœus borne along
A torrent stream, majestic, wild, and strong,
Sung India's clime disclosed, and fiery showers
Bursting on Calicut's perfidious towers;

By whom soft Mæro caught Mæonian fire,
 And plaintive Ossian tuned his Celtic lyre.
 If still 'tis thine o'er Morven's heaths to rove,
 Tajo's green bank, or Mele's hallow'd grove,
 Assist me thence, command my growing song
 To roll with nobler energy along.
 Before me life's extended vale appears,
 Onward I hasten through the gulf of years,
 And soon must sink beneath them; let my name
 With one bright furrow of recording fame
 Mark my brief course!—if led by thee I stray'd
 In youth's sweet dawn, beneath the hazel shade;
 While over head clear shone the sunny beam,
 And noon's weak breeze scarce curl'd the tepid stream,
 Still aid me, gentle spirit, still inspire,
 My *first* bold task, and add diviner fire.—P. 82.

This reference to the poet's own situation is surely introduced in a delicate and in a feeling manner, and as classical authority is that, on which he chiefly leans at present, and that authority is not wanting to support a poet in introducing his own situation or occupations, criticism can find no sound objection. As a specimen of the author's powers in delineation of character, we shall select that of Trollo, or more properly Archbishop Trolle; it is introduced by the assembling of a state council.

' First of their order, as in rank and fame,
 Superior, Upsal's haughty prelate came;
 Erect in priestly pride, he stalk'd along,
 And tower'd supreme o'er all the princely throng;
 A soul congenial, and a mind replete
 With ready artifice, and bold deceit,
 To suit a tyrant's ends, however base,
 In Christiern's friendship had secured his place.
 His were the senator's and courtier's parts,
 And all the statesman's magazine of arts;
 His, each expedient, each all-powerful wile,
 To thwart a foe, or win a monarch's smile;
 The nicely plann'd, and well pursued intrigue,
 The smooth evasion of the hollow league,
 The specious argument, that subtly strays
 Thro' winding sophistry's protracted maze;
 The complicated, deep, immense design,
 That works in darkness, like a labouring mine,
 Unknown to all, till bursting into birth,
 Its wide explosion shakes th' astonish'd earth;
 His was the prompt invention, fruitful still
 In means subservient to the varying will,

The flexible expertness, smooth, and mean,
 That glides thro' obstacles, and wins unseen ;
 The quick discernment, that with eagle eyes
 Sees distant storms in ether darkly rise,
 And active vigour, that arrests their course,
 Or to a different aim diverts their force.
 He, in a happier land by freedom bless'd,
 Had hallow'd virtue dawn'd upon his breast,
 Had done some glorious deed to stamp his name,
 High on the roll of ever-during fame ;
 Snatch'd from oppression's jaws, some victim realm,
 Or fix'd in stable peace his country's wavering helm.
 But baleful guilt usurp'd with fatal care
 A heart, which virtue had been proud to share,
 And turn'd to hateful dross the radiant ore,
 Whose lustre might have gilded Sweden's shore.'

Book I. p. 7.

Nor is Mr. Walker less fortunate in landscape than in portrait, although perhaps he does not write it so much *con amore*. Gustavus himself does not enter into the business of the poem until the third book, the person, who finds him in his retirement in Dalecarlia, is directed by the genius of Sweden. The same extract will give us a very elegant description of the evening twilight, and introduce us to the hero himself.

' 'Twas now the time when sober evening sheds
 Her dusky mantle o'er the grassy meads,
 Nor yet the pale stars trembled thro' the trees,
 Nor sparkling quiver'd on th' inconstant seas,
 Nor yet the moon illumed the solemn scene,
 The fields were silent, and the heavens serene—
 When in a vale with shadowy firs replete,
 Whose broad boughs rustled thro' the dark retreat,
 Beneath a pine, that sunk to slow decay,
 Unseen Gustavus pass'd the hours away.
 From earliest dawn, ere day's third glass was run,
 The chief had mused, nor mark'd the rising sun,
 And the retiring day appear'd as just begun :
 Each flattering argument his pride revolved,
 Each gleam of patriot hope, yet undissolved,
 Traced to its dubious source, each meteor light,
 'Till the last spark went out, and all was night.
 Convinc'd at length he spoke : the woods around
 With solemn awe return the mournful sound,
 And souls of patriots listen'd from on high,
 Uncertain yet of Sweden's destiny.'

Book III. p. 87.

A soliloquy ensues, the spirit of which combined with some very bright flashes of poetry, are insufficient to prevent the reader's mind from languishing under the inordinate length of the speech. Poetry overstepped nature a little, when she first authorized the measured soliloquy, but a very long soliloquy is too remote from nature to be even tolerable: The drama is a province of poetry in which this licence has perhaps been more frequently exercised than in any other, but even here this defect has worked its own cure; for as the drama either is, or ought to be adapted to representation, and as in representation there is a dead weight attached to a soliloquy, if it exceeds a sudden effusion of feeling, or a short flow of melancholy expression, public taste has in most ages of literature restricted this usage within moderate bounds. We think the analogy will hold in epic poetry, which either is or ought to be a representation of, certainly not real, but of heroic life, and if that heroic life approaches nearer to our own times, it must at the same time accommodate itself nearer to the habits of mankind; or in the words of Horace, '*incredulus odi.*'

The Exile is the second poem in point of length, but there is an intricacy in the fable, if indeed there is a fable, which requires much labour to unravel. It is faulty from the constant recurrence of images not adapted to the present times, however applicable they may have been in the ages of classical antiquity. The expressions of 'I set my sail,' or 'I plied my oar,' so frequent in Latin poetry, the cotemporary readers of which knew of few voyages but a coasting trip, are very inapplicable to modern navigation, more especially so across oceans, which are described as agitated by furious tempests. There are however some very beautiful lines in this poem, and on the whole they are more laboured and polished than in *Gustavus*.

Our limits will only allow us to notice one more poem, which deserves mention, as well from the singularity of the design, as from the execution of it; it is an attempt at a version of the *Iliad*, in the style and measure of Scott's *Marmion*; the idea was suggested by a friend, who observed very sensibly, 'that Scott's circumstantial description bore much resemblance to that of Homer, and that the rapid flow of Scott's verse was happily accommodated to the swift succession of events and fiery impetuosity of the *Iliad*; corresponding with the dactylic hexameter of the old poet.' The specimen before us is

really admirably done, and as a specimen fully exemplifies the truth of what Mr. Walker's friend suggested. We say, as a specimen, for we would by no means recommend a complete version of the original in this manner; our objections are too numerous to recapitulate; there is one however, which may not strike every one at first view, we mean the difficulty of divesting our minds of the idea of burlesque at seeing old Homer cut up into shreds of lines: we felt this at the first perusal of the fragment which we are about to quote, till the real merit of the passage, as an imitation of Scott, no less than as a spirited trans-
fusion of Homer, recalled us from so unworthy a reverie. Our readers will recognize the beginning of the thirteenth Iliad.

‘ From Ida’s peak high Jove beheld
The tumults of the battle field,
The fortune of the fight;
He mark’d, where by the ocean flood,
Stout Hector with his Trojans stood,
And mingled in the strife of blood
Achaia’s stalwart might:
He saw, and turn’d his sun-bright eyes
Where Thracia’s snow-capped mountains rise,
Above her pastures fair:
Where Mysians fear’d in battle-fray,
With far-famed Hippomolgians stray,
A race remote from care;
Unstained by fraud, unstained by blood,
The milk of mares their simple food,
Thither his sight the god inclines,
Nor turns to view the shifting lines,
Commix’d in fight afar;
He deem’d not, he, that heavenly might
Would swell the bands of either fight,
When he forbade the war.

2.

‘ Not so the monarch of the deep:
On Samothracia’s topmost steep
The great earth-shaker stood,
Whose cloudy summit view’d afar
The crowded tents, the mingling war,
The navy dancing on the tide,
The leaguer’d town, the hills of Ide,
And all the scene of blood.
There stood he, and with grief survey’d
His Greeks by adverse force outweighed,
He bann’d the thunderer’s partial will,
And hasten’d down the craggy hill.

3.

' Down the steep mountain-slope he sped,
The mountain rock'd beneath his tread,
And trembling wood, and echoing cave,
Sign of immortal presence gave ;
Three strides athwart the plain he took,
Three times the plain beneath him shook,
The fourth reach'd Ægæ's watery strand,
Where far beneath the green sea foam,
Was built the monarch's palace home,
Distinct with golden spire and dome,
And doom'd for aye to stand.

4

' He enters ; to the car he reins
His brass-hoofed steeds, whose golden manes
A stream of glory cast :
His golden lash he forward bends,
Arrayed in gold the car ascends,
And swifter than the blast
Across th' expanse of ocean wide
Untouched by waves, it passed :
The waters of the glassy tide,
Joyful before its course divide,
Nor round the axle press ;
Around its wheels the dolphins play,
Attend the chariot on its way,

And their great lord confess.—P. 206.

We do not hesitate to pronounce this as happy an imitation of the style of Scott as has ever been brought before our tribunal. Some Latin poems, which have been honoured with literary premiums at school, shew Mr. W. no unworthy representative of the Grenvilles, Wellesleys, and Cannings, the classical boasts of a former day in the elm groves of Eton. We should imagine, that in this branch of composition, he can have very few competitors indeed among his schoolfellows, who can even aspire to an equality. We must here close our article, in doing which, it may not be amiss to add, that a report has reached our ears, that the profits arising from this specimen of early talent, will, it is hoped, insure for our young aspirant, that facility of prosecuting his studies in a university, which might otherwise have been obtained not without difficulty to his relatives. If there is any truth in this report, we contemplate with a very pleasant emotion the numerous list of subscribers, (seldom equalled either in number or respectability), who have come forward on this occasion as the patrons of rising merit ; and

it is our sincere wish, that the few pages, which we have dedicated to the examination of this very interesting volume, may be conducive to a call for a third edition, a second being, we understand, already in the press.

ART. IX.—*Description of the Retreat, an Institution near York, for insane Persons of the Society of Friends. Containing an Account of its Origin and Progress, the Modes of Treatment and Statement of Cases. By Samuel Tuke. With an Elevation and Plans of the Building.* London: Darton, 1813, 8vo. 7s. 6d. 4to. 12s.

THIS excellent institution, the establishment of which reflects so much honour on the Society of Friends, was first opened for the reception of patients in May, 1796. The resources of the institution were gradually increased in proportion to the conviction of its usefulness; and we find from a report of the committee of managers in the year 1812, that there were at that time 'under the care of the institution, sixty-six patients, viz. twenty-six men and forty women.' We shall select a few details from this work relative to the treatment of the insane, or to other associated circumstances. The warm bath is said to be much used; and 'with the happiest effects.' In cases of melancholia it is considered as more efficacious than 'all the other medical means which have been employed.'

'In several cases,' (of melancholia) says Mr. Tuke, 'where the use of this means has been necessarily suspended, the patient has evidently relapsed. No advantage has been found from its use, in case of mania; indeed it has been thought rather to aggravate the symptoms. The time of the patient's continuance in the bath, and the temperature at which it is used, are gradually increased; the former from twenty minutes to nearly an hour; and the latter from eighty-five to ninety-eight degrees.'

Experiments have not been favourable to the use of the cold bath in melancholia or in mania. 'Topical bleeding has been found eminently useful, where the approach of a paroxysm was indicated by a determination of blood to the head.' Mr. Tuke informs us that the superintendent of the institution has frequently succeeded in procuring sleep during paroxysms of mania, by supplying the patient with a plentiful supper of meat, bread and cheese, and good porter, instead of having recourse to opiates. Where the patient has been averse from food the author

tells us, that 'porter alone has been used with evident advantage, always avoiding, in all cases, any degree of intoxication.'

Mr. Tuke justly says, that insanity is usually treated with too little discrimination. Pope remarks that there are as many kinds of mind as moss; and why not as many kinds of insanity, each of which requires a mode of treatment distinct from the rest? Mr. Crowther (on insanity) says, that 'the curable patients in Bethlem-hospital are regularly bled about the commencement of June, and the latter end of July;' and Mr. Haslam (in his *Observations on Madness*) tells us, that in the same hospital 'it has been for many years the practice to administer to the curable patients four or five emetics in the spring of the year.' This is generalizing the treatment, where there is probably considerable diversity in the malady; and it seems rather to force the malady to conform to the treatment, than to adapt the treatment to the malady.

Mr. Tuke says, that in 'The Retreat,' no instance of mortification of the feet has occurred from cold, and that 'the patients are never found to require such a degree of restraint as to prevent the use of considerable exercise, or to render it at all necessary to keep their feet wrapped in flannel.'

A spare regimen, which is so commonly recommended in insanity, is not much practised in 'The Retreat,' where the patients appear to enjoy a liberal and nourishing diet; and this practice has been justified by experience. We remember a remark in *Don Quixote*, that *madness arises from wind getting into the brain*; but many of our keepers of houses for the reception of the insane seem to adopt the contrary hypothesis, and to imagine that the flatulent regimen which is cheapest for themselves, is also best for their unfortunate guests.

The author thinks that a malevolent disposition, which is usually supposed a characteristic of madness, does not naturally belong to the malady, but is superinduced by circumstances; and particularly by injudicious management, and unnecessary coercion, or cruelty on the part of relatives, connections or superintendents.—Cases, indeed, occur in which the vindictive passions may be so strong as to induce mania. If a fit of anger, as Horace says, be a brief paroxysm of insanity, anger, often indulged and suffered to rage without controul, may terminate in permanent derangement of mind. But it is still a certain fact that madmen as well as other persons, are very sensible

of kind treatment; and that kind treatment alone will often mitigate the malady where it would be aggravated by severity. Those mischievous propensities which are sometimes found to belong to deranged persons, are often in their origin, the product of the rigorous and cruel treatment which the unfortunate patient has experienced. There is in human nature a strong repugnance to oppression, and an innate desire to counteract it; and this desire may be susceptible of stronger excitement in the insane than in more reasonable individuals. But if oppression will make even a wise man mad, how is it ever likely to make a mad man wise?

No stripes, no barbarities of any kind appear to be practised in 'The Retreat,' to the great honour of the Society of Friends, who have wisely reflected that there is hardly any disorder or alienation of mind in which the individual can be insensible of injuries. And, how are we ever likely to tranquillize a perturbed mind, if we repeatedly excite the idea of injury by a series of unnecessary severities? This is not to extinguish the flame but to throw oil into the fire. 'The superintendent of this institution,' says Mr. Tuke, 'is fully of opinion, that a state of furious mania is very often excited by the mode of management.' But furious mania appears 'almost a stranger in the Retreat,' from the constant tenderness which the patients experience. The following is an instance which Mr. Tuke gives of the efficacy of mild treatment.

'Some years ago a man, about thirty-four years of age of almost Herculean size and frame, was brought to the house. He had been afflicted several times before; and so constantly, during the present attack, had he been kept chained, that his clothes were contrived to be taken off and put on by means of strings, without removing his manacles. They were, however, taken off when he entered the Retreat, and he was ushered into the apartment where the superintendents were supping. He was calm; his attention appeared to be arrested by his new situation. He was desired to join in the repast, during which he behaved with tolerable propriety. After it was concluded, the superintendent conducted him to his apartment, and told him the circumstances on which his treatment would depend; that it was his anxious wish to make every inhabitant in the house as comfortable as possible; and that he sincerely hoped the patient's conduct would render it unnecessary for him to have recourse to coercion. The maniac was sensible of the kindness of his treatment. He promised to restrain himself; and he so

completely succeeded, that during his stay, no coercive means were ever employed towards him.

Though *fear* is allowed to operate in the production of self-restraint in this institution, yet great pains are taken to excite the *desire of esteem*, which has been found more powerful in its agency and more salutary in its effects.

'It is probably,' says Mr. Tuke, 'from encouraging the action of this principle, that so much advantage has been found in this Institution, from *treating the patient as much in the manner of a rational being, as the state of his mind will possibly allow*. The superintendent is particularly attentive on this point in his conversation with the patients.'

This appears a very important consideration; for it seems a very strange [method indeed to endeavour to restore men to reason by treating them like brutes. To treat men in this manner seems the most ready and efficacious way not only of increasing but of perpetuating derangement of mind, and particularly of that species which originates in depression of spirits, blighted hopes, wounded sensibility, and the too keen sense of previous injuries or misfortunes.

Where an insane patient is treated, according to the judicious plan practised in 'The Retreat,' as much like a rational being as the nature of his case will admit, he will endeavour to rise rather than to fall in the estimation of his companions and attendants. In the language of Mr. Tuke, he will endeavour to restrain 'those dispositions which if indulged would lessen the respectful treatment he receives.' In the treatment of insanity the object should be rather to elevate than to degrade the intellectual being. Moral remedies are often efficacious where physical are of no avail. Where the insanity is not of such a nature as totally to extinguish the moral sense, the remaining light of that sense should be fondly cherished and assiduously watched.

'Even,' says Mr. Tuke, 'when it is absolutely necessary to employ coercion, if the patient promises to controul himself on its removal, great confidence is generally placed upon his word. I have known patients, such is their sense of honour and moral obligation under this kind of engagement, hold, for a long time, a successful struggle with the violent propensities of their disorder; and *such attempts ought to be sedulously encouraged by the attendants*.'

We hope that institutions similar to the present will be established in other places. We are obliged to Mr. Tuke for making us acquainted with the sensible and humane

mode of treating the insane which is practised at 'The Retreat.'

ART. X.—*Speech of the Hon. Josiah Quincey, delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States of America, Jan. 5. 1813, on a Bill for raising an additional Military Force, wherein the Causes and Effects of the present War are particularly developcd. London: Richardson, 2s.*

THERE is much forcible reasoning in this speech, and it furnishes a favourable specimen of the manly eloquence which is displayed in the House of Representatives of the United States. The author is of the pacific, which is at present in opposition to the ruling party in the republic of the United States, which is in favour of the war; and adverse to any accommodation with this country, except on such terms as the British government is not soon likely to admit. Mr. Quincey speaks in strong terms of indignation of the invasion of Canada, which he reprobates as highly impolitic; and represents it only as a trick of the government party in the republic, to promote certain electioneering views. Canada was invaded, that Mr. Maddison might again be chosen president. We do not clearly discern how one of these events was to cause the accomplishment of the other; but those who were on the spot and could see and feel the different interests which were striving for the mastery in the United States, might observe a close connection between them, which would escape the notice of an European with the wide Atlantic rolled between him and the rival factions of the Federalists and the Anti-Federalists. The following is a specimen of the manner in which Mr. Quincey inveighs against the invasion of Canada by the troops of the United States.

'Our armies were on their march for their frontier, while yet peace existed between this country and the parent state—and the invasion was obstinately pursued, after a knowledge that the chief ground of controversy was settled, by the abandonment of the British orders in council; and after nothing remained but a stale ground of dispute, which, however important in itself, was of a nature for which no man has ever yet pretended that for it alone war would have been declared. Did ever one government exhibit, towards any people, a more bloody and relentless spirit of rancour? Tell me not of petty advantages, of remote and possibly useless contingencies which might arise

from the devastation of those colonies.—Show any advantages which justify that dreadful phial of wrath, which, if the intention of the American cabinet had been fulfilled, would at this day have been poured out upon the heads of the Canadians. It is not owing to the tender mercies of the American administration, if the bones of the Canadians are not at this hour mingled with the ashes of their habitations. It is easy enough to make an excuse for any purpose. When a victim is destined to be immolated, every hedge presents sticks for the sacrifice. The lamb who stands at the mouth of the stream will always trouble the water, if you take the account of the wolf, who stands at the source of it. But shew a good to us bearing any proportion to the multiplied evils proposed to be visited upon them. There is none. Never was there an invasion of any country worse than this, in point of moral principles, since the invasion of the West Indies by the buccaneers, or that of these United States by Captain Kidd. Indeed both Kidd and the buccaneers had more apology for their deed than the American cabinet—they had at least the hope of plunder. But in this case there is not even the poor refuge of cupidity. We have heard great lamentations about the disgrace of our arms on the frontiers. Why, Sir, the disgrace of our arms on the frontier, is terrestrial glory in comparison of the disgrace of the attempt. The whole atmosphere rings with the utterance from the other side of the house of this word—"glory"—"glory," in connection with this invasion. What glory? Is it the glory of the tiger, which lifts his jaws, all foul and bloody, from the bowels of his victim, and roars for his companions of the wood to come and witness his prowess and his spoils? Such is the glory of Genghis Khan and of Bonaparte. Be such glory far, very far, from my country. Never—never, may it be accursed with such fame.

The above exhibits the sentiments of an enlightened mind and the feelings of a virtuous heart. Mr. Quincey thinks that the conquest of Canada would be very unfavourable to the liberty of the Americans.

'A body,' says he, 'of thirty or fifty thousand such men, combined, armed, and under a popular leader, is a very formidable force.—They want only discipline and service to make them veterans. Opportunity to acquire these, Canada will afford. The army which advances to the walls of Quebec, in the present condition of Canadian preparation, must be veteran. And a veteran army, under a popular leader, flushed with victory, each individual realizing, that while the body remains combined, he may be something, and possibly very great: that if dissolved, he sinks into insignificance, will not be disbanded by vote. They will consult with one another, and with their beloved chieftain, upon this subject; and not trouble themselves about

the advice of the old people who are knitting and weaving in the chimney corners of Washington. Let the American people receive this as an undoubted truth, which experience will verify. —*Whoever plants the American standard on the walls of Quebec, conquers it for himself, and not for the people of these United States.*—Whoever lives to see that event—may my head be low in the dust before it happen!—will witness a dynasty established in that country by the sword. He will see a king or an emperor, dukedoms and earldoms, and baronies distributed to the officers, and knight's fees bestowed on the soldiery. Such an army will not trouble itself about geographical lines in partitioning out the divisions of its new empire, and will run the parallels of its power by other steel than that of the compass.—When that event happens, the people of New England, if they mean to be free, must have a force equal to defend themselves against such an army. And a military force equal to this object will itself be able to enslave the country.'

From the moment that the government of the United States proceeded to a declaration of war against Great Britain and set an army on foot to conquer Canada, she began to enter on that career of military folly and extravagance, which the governments of the old world have so long run; by which the progress of civilization and of intellectual and moral improvement has been kept back for centuries; and by which the stock of human happiness has been diminished beyond all possible calculation. For who can calculate the mass of misery, of every species, which has been inflicted upon individuals and nations only by the wars which have taken place in Europe since the period of the reformation? And, how different would have been the face of France, Spain, Italy, Germany, and England, both in a physical, an intellectual and a moral point of view, if the active powers of these nations, instead of being constantly occupied in mutual butchery and destruction, had been confined to the more pacific pursuits of agriculture, of commerce, and the arts; and if the same resources had been expended and the same pains been employed in the moral and intellectual culture of the youth of nations, as in disciplining them to cut each other's throats!—Who that, for a moment, balances the advantages of peace against the calamities of war can hesitate to prefer even the worst peace to the best war which was ever waged? But the American republic, which ought, from the nature of its constitution, and a wise prospective view of the dangers of war to every free government, to have been uniformly pacific, has, in the present instance, rushed into war with as much temerity as any of the mo-

narchies of Europe, which are more warlike both in constitution and in principle, and which seem to consider war as the best means of augmenting their own influence and of keeping their people dependent and enslaved. The people of the United States will find that this war, in which they have so improvidently engaged, will be very adverse to their liberties. It must greatly augment the patronage and power of the executive; and may ultimately lead to the establishment of a standing army, which was formerly an object of such constant jealousy in this country; and though that jealousy has been, in some degree, extinguished by the new state of things which has been produced by the French revolution, yet we trust that this good old English feeling will again revive; and that even the steel of the sword, sharp as it is, will be blunted and rendered harmless by the parchment of the law. Where any country is covered by a standing army, civil liberty can exist only by sufferance; and the liberties of America can be no more safe against its inroads than those of Europe in ancient or in modern times.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 11.—*Evangelical Principles of Religion vindicated, and the Inconsistency and dangerous Tendency of the Unitarian Scheme exposed; in a Series of Letters, addressed to the Rev. T. Watson: in reply to his Book, intitled "A Plain Statement of some of the most important Principles of Religion, as a Preservative against Infidelity, Enthusiasm, and Immorality."* By George Young, Minister of the Associate Congregation in Cliff Lane, Whitby. London: Williams, 1812, 8vo. 6s.

THOUGH our opinions do not accord with those of the author on the principles of evangelical religion, yet, as we feel it a duty to deal out impartial justice to religionists of all denominations, we have no hesitation in acknowledging that Mr. Young has defended his peculiar tenets with more learning and acuteness, and, where he does not lose his way in the intricate labyrinth of predestination and other mysteries, with more show of reason than we have usually found in persons of the sect to which he belongs. The Calvinistic system has not often had an abler advocate. We are only sorry that this ability has been employed in defending doctrines which are irrational in themselves; and, therefore,

cannot have proceeded from the Divine Mind; and which, moreover, if they were made rules of conduct, would infallibly lead to every species of depravity. We have no doubt that Mr. Young, and many other persons of the same persuasion, are good and exemplary characters. But then this exemplary goodness is not the effect of their belief in the doctrines of original sin, predestination, &c.,—but of habits of moral obedience formed in spite of that belief. He, who really believes that his will and affections, and in short his whole moral nature, are so thoroughly vitiated and corrupt that he can do nothing good, will not make the attempt; for in the first place he would know it to be impossible; and in the next place he could not make it for want of the previous will, which would irresistibly incline him the other way. A man cannot will two totally different things at one and the same time; and accordingly he, whose will is radically depraved and corrupt, according to the partizans of original sin, must will corruption and depravity, for he can will nothing else. And it requires no great depth of philosophy to shew, that where there is no will to do good, no good can be done. Now we have little doubt but that great good is often done by those who believe in this total repugnance of the will to do it; and this proves, first, that they act in opposition to their belief, and next, that that innate disinclination of the will to do good, which is an article of their belief, is a mere chimera of the brain, and has no real existence in the constitution of man. If the nature of man were so thoroughly vitiated, so morbid and rotten to the very core, as our worthy friends, the Calvinists, pretend, all virtuous actions would be impossible, without a perpetual repetition of miracles. For it would be quite as much a miracle for a man to act against his nature as it would for a stone, of its own motion, to mount up into the air instead of gravitating towards the earth. If a man had an *innate* disposition to lying, he would be as forcibly impelled to tell lies in any given circumstances, as he now is, when there is no obstruction in the way of the act, to eat when he is hungry, or drink when he is dry. —No man, therefore, according to the Calvinistic system, could speak truth or perform any other virtuous action without a constraint being exerted upon his nature, which comes as near to the idea of a miracle as the counteraction of the law of gravitation, or any other established process in the physical constitution of the world. —We are moreover to consider that, if any individual were thoroughly and practically impressed with the truth of the Calvinistic hypothesis that, his nature is so entirely vitiated that he can do nothing but what is evil, he would not even attempt to do what is good. For no one attempts to do what he knows and feels to be impossible. No man in his senses attempts to push St. Paul's church into the Thames.

ART. 12.—*Universal and saving Grace asserted and demonstrated, or a Scriptural Refutation of the Doctrines of absolute and unconditional Predestination, in Letters to the Proprietors of the Gospel Magazine. Letter the First. In which are noticed, chiefly, some of the Arguments, Inconsistencies, and Contradictions, contained in a Treatise on the Subject. By the late A. Toplady, A. B. Vicar of Hembury, Devon. London: Longman, 1813. 12mo.*

SOME plain and useful remarks are here made on the doctrines which are mentioned in the title.

ART. 13.—*The Protestant's Manual, or Popery unveiled. Being a brief Exposition of the Doctrines and Errors of the Church of Rome. By a Member of the Church of England. London: Sharpe, 1813, 1s. 12mo.*

THIS may be 'a brief exposition' of what the doctrines and errors of the church of Rome have been at particular periods; but it is a gross misrepresentation of what they are at present; and if all churches are to be loaded with the opprobrium of any corruptions either in doctrine or in practice which they have ever sanctioned, we fear that the Protestant will have little more occasion to triumph than the Catholic. All churches have erred at different times and in various points, both speculative and practical; and therefore, instead of reviling each other with malignity and intolerance, they should unite in the sentiment of mutual charity and forbearance.

ART. 14.—*An Inquiry into the Evidence of the Divine Origin of the Christian Religion. London: Bickerstaff, 1813.*

THE author strongly inculcates this position, that 'if Christianity be of divine origin, we are incompetent to decide on its good or bad effects, because we are unable, from the very nature of our faculties, to ascertain its whole effects.' But how is the divine origin of the religion itself to be determined except by investigation? The divine origin of the religion is not an innate idea; nor is the conviction of it produced in the mind by any supernatural means. We come to the conclusion that the religion is divine in the same manner as we do to other reasonable conclusions, by the previous process of intellectual research, unless we choose to take our faith upon trust, and believe through another's conviction rather than our own. But, if we are competent to decide on the divine origin of the Christian religion, we are surely qualified to form an opinion of its good or bad effects. If we cannot 'decide on its good or bad effects, because,' according to the author, 'we are unable from the very nature of our faculties, to ascertain its whole effects,' by which we suppose he means its operations in another world, he might as well have said that we are incompetent to decide on the good or bad effects of virtue or of vice, which probably

extend into a very remote futurity, as far as they are the acts of accountable agents; but yet we can judge with great truth of the present effects both of virtue and of vice; and so we can with equal truth of the present effects of the Christian religion, whether good or bad, notwithstanding the contraction of our views and the limitation of our faculties. What is essentially good or bad must be good or bad in the present as well as in the future; and there is no more occasion for a knowledge of what will follow the day of judgment to determine whether the effects of the religion be good or bad, than whether in itself it be of divine or of human origin. The right use of the reason is sufficient in both cases. The writer, p. 11. admits that 'to prove a miracle there must be miraculous evidence, because no fact or event can be proved without tantamount evidence, or evidence of equal degree.' After this admission, which seemed not a little perilous, the author next attempts to shew with respect to the Christian religion, that 'there is miraculous proof in its support.' For this purpose he quotes what he deems some prophetic passages from the Old Testament, relative to the dispersion and restoration of the Jews; and he asks with respect to the fulfilment of the prophecies relative to the dispersion, 'What stronger miracle can be conceived than this?'

ART. 15.—*A Tenet of the Millennium; or of the first Resurrection to the Reign of Christ upon Earth for a thousand Years.* By E. L. London: Rees, 1813, 12mo. 3s.

THE writer of this little tract appears to be a person of unaffected piety, and a sincere believer in the divine authority of the apocalypse; and consequently in the tenet of the millennium, which has its principal support in that book. The author in his diffusive benevolence is anxious that others should participate, as well as himself, in the pleasurable expectation of a thousand years of peace and bliss, such as the world has never before seen, nor is likely to see till the prediction, which the writer of this tract so warmly espouses, is accomplished.

POLITICS.

ART. 16.—*A Series of Letters, with Editorial Remarks on the existing Differences between England and America. Inscribed to the Earl of Darnley.* By Captain Fairman, Aid-de-Camp and military Secretary to the late Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Ceylon, and its Dependencies, &c. London: Williams, 1813, 8vo. 3s.

THE letters mentioned in the title-page, which throw some light on the present contest between Great Britain and the United States, were originally written for the Military Magazine. But Captain Fairman, who was the proprietor of that magazine, thought them of sufficient importance to merit a se-

parate publication. To this publication, besides a dedication to the Earl of Darnley, he has subjoined some sensible observations of his own.

POETRY.

ART. 17.—*The Wanderings of Woe, or Conjugal Affection, a Tribute to the Memory of a beloved Wife; with an Appendix, containing the Wrongs of the Academical Clergy, &c. &c.* By the Rev. James Cox, D. D. of Wadham College, Oxford, and Master of Gainsborough School. London: Mawman, 1813. price 5s.

THESE verses were written, at a time of very great distress, occasioned by the loss of a tenderly beloved wife. The first piece, called the Dirge, was composed by the author during the week that the object of his affections lay unburied; and was consequently written in all the bitterness of woe. Under such circumstances criticism is disarmed. We respect and venerate the author's griefs too much, wantonly to cavil at any defects in the composition. It is sufficient that he found some relief under the pressure of affliction in the indulgence of his muse on the melancholy occasion.—We shall therefore pass on to the poem, called the Wanderings of Woe, which was written when some little time had elapsed since the death of his wife; and when, we presume, that his griefs had become more calm. Dr. Cox appears to have had his share of the toils, disappointments and mortifications of this mortal life; but his griefs and anxieties were, he tells us, so softened by his amiable partner, that he seems to have enjoyed a greater share of domestic comfort than is usually experienced.

The poem is written in the style of Cowper; and many of the lines are by no means unworthy of that great poet. The story of Ophelia is pathetically told. The author deploras the hardships to which women are often reduced by the want of employments, which are well suited to them, but which are engrossed by the other sex. The following extract will serve as a specimen of the style of this poem.

Woman, thy lot I oft commiserate,
For thou hast not the many paths, which lead
To comfort, open to thy steps, as has
Thy brother, man; but, like his moon, art doom'd
To draw thy all from him. Should fortune look
Unkindly on thy birth, then must thou learn
Each art to catch the eye, and thou must frame
Those arts to thy society: if gay,
The waltz, the song, the harp, the tambourine
Must show thy graces, half denude thy form,
In wanton innocence.— * * * *

I would not take
 Thee, woman, to the bar, the senate house,
 The 'Change, yet are there walks, to thy soft feet
 Well suited. Nature gave thee gentleness,
 To rear and train the tender mind, and pour
 The waters of instruction on its buds
 And opening leaves, as Eve in Paradise
 The shrubs and flowers nurs'd up whilst Adam prun'd
 The statelier trees. And are not thy fine limbs
 Furnish'd with more elastic grace than man's ?
 Thy fingers with more delicacy turn'd ?
 I cannot bear to see my daughter's limbs
 The foreign coxcomb seize with his rude hand
 Hang o'er her rising bosom, and entomb
 The virgin's blush, best mark of innocence,
 In custom's charnel house.'

Dr. Cox's indignation rises as he proceeds, and he warmly asks

' Want ye, rulers, food,
 For gunpowder ? Here, then, supply your wants.
 Ye press-gangs and recruiting serjeants, lead
 Them to the Frenchman's maw, instead of frogs.
 Thus many a female will be sav'd from vice,
 Whom shame and want compel to take her hire.'

In canto the fifth Dr. Cox in describing his methods to dissipate his grief, pays a very just compliment to Miss Hawkins, the authoress of the excellent novel called the Countess and Gertrude.

' To books I fled,
 Or classic lore, or witching ravishment
 Of gentle poesy, or well-wrought tale
 Of moral truth, to steal me from myself.
 Such as thy hands, high-gifted Hawkins, wove,
 Admir'd unknown ! who, like a giant mound,
 To stop the down-hill ruin of thy sex,
 Nor less of mine, hast interpos'd thy arm.'

Dr. Cox, like every other thinking man, judges that righteousness is the best passport to heaven, without distinction of churches or creeds, and takes an opportunity of mentioning with well merited praise the amiable and enlightened Bishop of Norwich.

' Presumptuous man ! heaven's keys
 Are not to thee confided, nor that church,
 Which bars out all except its own. The mind
 Upright and pure, admission there shall find,
 Or Protestant or Papist, or whose faith
 Socinus' self and persecuted Priestley teach,
 If pure, sincere conviction stamp that creed,
 I would not lay a tributary straw

On modes of keeping man's account with God.
 Alone the sword of argument I'd wield,
 Nor dare to wrest the sceptre from his hand.
 Thee mitred Bathurst, he, whose mild rebuke
 The fiery zealots check'd, beholds well-pleased.
 And, in the book of life thy name enroll'd,
 A higher throne for thy translation builds
 Than kings or courts can give. Thee, history's pen
 Shall on her adamant tablet grave,
 Glorious exception! when thy dust and mine
 Shall undistinguish'd mix, there thou shalt live.'

We shall now take leave of Dr. Cox, and trust that time, the great soother of all woes, and resignation to the Divine will, the best of all cordials for low spirits, will dispel the cloud by which his mind is at present oppressed, and again make him behold the sunshine of pleasurable existence.

NOVELS.

ART. 19.—*Aretas, a Novel, in 4 Vols.* By Emma Parker, Author of *Elfrida, Heiress of Belgrove; and Virginia, or the Peace of Amiens.* London: Crosby, 1813: price 24s.

THE fair authoress of *Aretas* assures the public that there is no one so well aware as herself, of the difficulty of writing a good novel. Indeed so difficult does it appear, and so difficult does Miss Parker represent it, that we marvel how she came to venture on so arduous an undertaking. In Miss Parker's opinion almost every other species of composition is trifling, compared to the Herculean labour of bringing a novel out of the brain. Miss Parker says that the historian has nothing more to do than to 'state facts and quote authorities in pleasing language.' The biographer has nothing else to mind but not to tell fibs. As to the composition of what are called periodical papers, Miss Parker requests the public to believe that there is nothing so easy under the sun. In fact it is a mere bagatelle affair.—Such are the *funny ideas* which our fair authoress entertains of the marvellous facility with which historians, biographers, and periodical writers may produce their respective works. We forbear making any remarks upon this flippant prating;—for such it really is. If Miss Parker is so well aware of the difficulties of novel writing as she pretends, we would advise her for the future not to *talk so much about it*; but to set to work in right earnest, and endeavour to surmount them if she is determined to write novels; and she certainly seems tolerably persevering in her vocation of a novelist.—*Aretas*, the novel now before us, is not the best which Miss Parker has written—nor is it quite the worst—for *Virginia* was very bad indeed.—*Elfrida*, which, we believe, was her first, was infinitely a better produc-

tion than the present. There was something singular in the idea of Elfrida, a young, elegant and rich heiress, taking a fancy to bring up a youth according to her romantic notions of perfection; and when he was completed to her mind to make him her husband. We not only give her credit for this odd idea, but the tale itself was very well managed altogether. The characters which compose the present work, are quite every day ones; and we know not how Miss Parker could have managed to complete four good stout volumes, had she not had recourse to the hackneyed expedient of transporting her hero into Italy. This convenient method of travelling answers more purposes than one; for the author can with the utmost ease introduce the assassin, the jealous lover, the maiden devoted to a monastic life, and the artful priest;—and in doing all this she has a great variety of characters placed instantly before her view. Miss Parker has had all her wits about her in this respect, and she has likewise availed herself of the intelligent and agreeable traveller, Mr. Brydone, &c. in her descriptions of Italian skies and Italian scenery—so that what with a little of one and a little of the other, she has eked out 4 vols. of very decent bulk. Miss Parker expatiates in her preface upon the difficulties of novel-writing; and these difficulties we think she has increased by making one of her principal characters a political one. This is Sir Henry Mansfield; represented as a strong *party man*.—And this affords Miss Parker a happy opportunity of convincing the world that she is, what she calls, a *regular Pittite*. The following may serve as a specimen of Miss Parker's political sentiments, and her style of writing; for speaking of Mr. Fox she says,

‘Scarcely had the *smile of triumph* on the features of those who had so long vainly panted for distinction, subsided into complacency of confident security, when the basis of their new found honours was hurled to the dust, and the successor to that elevated situation, (ambition's favourite aim) in the course of a few short months followed to the grave, him, who in life it had been his constant destiny to oppose! Like the sickly moon deprived of the glorious orb from which it had borrowed lustre, the lesser light faded away, and the political world seemed for a while in total darkness, *save* where some glimmering stars emitted a faint ray, and to whose uncertain gleam time and experience alone could reconcile us.’

So much for the ‘glorious orb,’ and the ‘sickly moon.’ We should however very much like to know who are these *twinkling stars*, which time and experience might, with great good luck, reconcile to Miss Emma Parker as tolerable statesmen. We presume that these *little twinklers* will not feel themselves much flattered by our fair authoress's comparison, which indicates a hardly perceptible ray of intellectual light. However they may

comfort themselves that, if Mr. Fox was only a *sickly moon shining with borrowed lustre*, they were not compared to *farthing rushlights*, instead of *tiny stars*. But Miss Parker, not content with *just touching* upon politics, enters knee deep into the business; and proceeds heart and soul together to inform us how very capable she is of conducting a contested election; for proof of which she very obligingly exemplifies the management of the whole in the character of Mr. Anthony Greaves, who is represented as a violent supporter of Sir Francis Burdett, and into whose vulgar mouth Miss Parker has put all the shreds and patches of the very worst parts of the baronet's harangues.

With respect to the story of the novel before us, it is very poor indeed.—A young lad falls in love with a young lady some years older than himself; and determines *never, no never* to marry any one else. The result of the business is shown in a very few chapters. The young gentleman soon tumbles into a much deeper pit of love with the very lady upon whom his parents had wished him to have fixed his choice. The lady, who was his first and boyish *penchant*, consoles herself with a baronet of good fortune, who is of a much more suitable age, and with whom, in a short fortnight, Miss finds herself more in love than she did with the Adonis, Aretas Mansfield.—With such a meagre plot and, as we said before, such every day characters, it is wonderful how Miss Parker could make out four volumes;—but with the help of inveighing against Sir Francis Burdett, of a malignant Italian, a four in hand driver, some dissipated military personages, and the agreeable traveller Brydone, she has managed the affair as well as any *book-maker* could do in his Majesty's United Kingdoms, take them where you will. We presume that this has been a very hasty production; for very numerous are its faults;—and still more numerous are its typographical errors;—which are quite unpardonable.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 19.—*Correspondence on the Formation, Objects, and Plan of the Roman Catholic Foreign Bible Society; including Letters from the Earl of Shrewsbury, Lord Clifford, Right Rev. Bishop Poynter, Rev. Peter Gandolph, Ant. Rich. Blake, and Charles Butler, Esqrs. With Notes and Observations exhibiting the genuine Principles of Roman Catholics.* London: Seeley, 2s. 6d.

THE result which we collect from the perusal of the present correspondence is that the Roman Catholics are not willing to circulate any translation of the scriptures amongst the members of their communion without accompanying it with such notes as seem to them most expedient to preserve the ignorant from those errors and delusions, which might tempt them to wander out of the pale of their ancient faith; and to set up for independent

expositors of the holy text. Messrs. Blair and Lefroy on the part of the Bible Society, appear to have laboured very strenuously to convince the Rev. Peter Gandolphy and the members of the Catholic Board that it behoved them to unite with that society in circulating the scriptures without note or commentary. For this purpose the Bible Society offered to print 'the Rhenish version' of the New Testament, which is what the Roman Catholics approve; and to distribute it amongst the indigent part of the Catholic body; but this offer does not appear to have been received with much complacency by the Catholics, as the version was to be unaccompanied with notes, without which the Catholics do not seem to think it expedient to let the scriptures be perused by the less enlightened part of their communion. —In one of his letters to the Rev. Peter Gandolphy, Mr. Blair said,

'It is a painful and humiliating reflection to me, that Roman Catholic principles; even in this enlightened age and country, do not allow the clergy to circulate God's unerring word with freedom and sincere confidence; as if that, which Divine wisdom has mercifully condescended to dictate, were not sufficiently intelligible, nor free from mischievous obscurity, and not efficacious to save souls, without our conceited interpretations! I well know the arguments by which you defend yourselves, in restraining the use of the Bible unfettered by notes; but they appear to me lighter than vanity, and totally fail in producing any conviction.'

To the above the Rev. Peter Gandolphy replied:

'Sir, I do not see that I can begin my letter more properly than as you have concluded your's. It is a painful and humiliating reflection, that the principles of a surgeon, even in this enlightened age and country, do not allow surgeons to put the knife into every body's hands, with freedom and sincere confidence; as if that which Divine wisdom has mercifully condescended to provide for the benefit of man, were not sufficiently manageable, and safe from mischievous accidents, and not efficacious to cure, without the conceited directions of experience.' —'I well know,' exclaims the impudent mountebank, 'the arguments by which you surgeons and physicians defend yourselves in restraining the use of the knife from those who have not had surgical education. But they appear to us lighter than vanity, and totally fail in producing conviction.'

Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.

ART. 20.—*The Nursery Companion; or, the Rules of English Grammar in Verse. By a Lady.* London: Crosby, 1813.

GREAT and learned authorities may be produced for teaching the rules of grammar in verse rather than in prose. The versification of the rules certainly assists the memory; but does it equally assist the understanding?

ART. 21.—*The Elements of Arithmetic, being a full, clear, and comprehensive Introduction to the Science of Numbers, for the Use of Schools and private Tuition. In Five Parts, each published separately.* London: Wilkie, part 1st. 10d. part 2d. 1s. 3d.

ONLY two parts of these Elements are before us. The first contains the requisite tables and the simple rules, with examples and questions. The second contains the compound rules, with examples, &c. No author publishes a book on any subject which he does not deem, at least in some respects, better than the performances of his predecessors. Mr. Ward seems to think that he has rendered the acquisition of the Elements of Arithmetic more cheap and easy by publishing this work in detached parts, so that the scholar, who does not wish to proceed beyond the simple or the compound rules, need not purchase what he does not want, or will never use. So far so good;—but he, who means to continue his progress in the science of numbers till he arrives at the extraction of the square and cube roots, will probably find it more convenient and more economical to purchase a treatise on arithmetic in one volume rather than in the separate parts of Mr. Ward.

Alphabetical Catalogue, or List of Books published in July, 1813.

A VIEW of the French Campaign in Russia in 1812, 7s.

A Letter to Wm. Cobbett on his Article "The Trinity," by a Friend to Christianity, 2s.

A Correspondence of the Right Hon. C. J. Fox and the late Gilbert Wakefield, B. A., in the Year 1796—1801, chiefly on Subjects of Classical Literature.

A Brief Sketch of the Services of Sir G. H. Barlow, Bart. and K. B. Governor of Madrass, 2s. 6d.

Allston W.—*The Sylphs of the Seasons*, 8vo. 6s.

Bruce J. Esq., M. P.—*Substance of his Speech respecting India Affairs*, 8vo. 2s.

Buchanan Rev. Claud, Letter to the East India Company concerning the Idol Juggernaut, 1s.

Bramwell G.—*An Analytical Table of the private Statutes passed between 1st. Geo. 2d. A. D. 1727 and the 53d. Geo. 3d. A. D. 1812.*

Boxiana, or Sketches of Ancient and Modern Pugilism, 12s.

Bliss Philip, Esq.—*Wood's Athenae Oxonienses*, Augmented in Text

and Notes, and continued to the Year 1800. 4to. Vol. 1st. £3. 13s. 6d.

Cave Henry.—*Antiquities of York*, illustrated by Forty-one Etchings, £2. 12s. 6d.

Childe Alarique.—*A Poet's Reverie*, 4to. 15s.

Colman G.—*Vagaries vindicated; Hypocritical Hypercriticks*, a Poem addressed to the Reviewers, 4to. 10s. 6d.

Carpenter J.—*An English Vocabulary*, 12mo. 2s.

Cumberland Richard, Esq.—*The posthumous Dramatic Works of*, 8vo. 2 Vols. £1. 4s.

Edgeworth Lovell, Esq. F. R. S.—*An Essay on the Construction of Roads and Carriages*, 8vo. 14s.

Faber Rev. G. S. B. D.—*A Practical Treatise on the ordinary Operations of the Holy Spirit*, 8vo. 7s.

Ferrier J. M. D.—*An Essay towards a Theory of Apparitions*, 4s. 6d.

Grant Robert, Esq.—*A Sketch of the History of the East India Company from its first Formation to the passing of the Regulating Act of 1773*, 8vo. 15s.

- Gabbett Joseph, Esq.—A digested Index and comparative View of the Statute Law of England and Ireland to the Year 1811, 3 Vols. £3. 12s. 6d.
- Gibbs G. S. M. D.—A Treatise on the Bath Waters, 3s. 6d.
- Hartstronge M. W., Esq.—The Minstrelsy of Erin, 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- Hewlett Rev. John.—A concise History of the Jews from their re-establishment by Ezra and Nehemiah to the destruction of Jerusalem, 12mo. 6s.
- Hoare Prince, Esq.—Epochs of the Arts, 8vo. 15s.
- Herbert Sir T.—Memoirs of the two last Years of the Reign of Charles the First, 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Historical Sketches of Politics and public Men for the Year 1812, 8vo. 7s.
- Hoare R. Esq.—Further Observations on the Increase of Population and high Price of Grain, 1s. 6d.
- Institutes of the Christian Religion by John Calvin: a New Translation of, 3 Vols. £2. 5s.
- Kerr R. H., D. D.—Sermon to commemorate the Virtues of the late Rev. Mr. Schwartz, 2s. 6d.
- Kelsall C., Esq.—The two last Pleadings of Cicero against Verres. Translated from the Original with Notes, 15s.
- Levis M. le Duc de.—Souvenir et Portraits, 8vo.
- Leslie John, F. R. S. G.—A short Account of Experiments and Instruments depending on the relations of Air to Heat and Moisture, 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- Lockhart James.—A Method of approximating towards the Roots of cubic Equations belonging to the Irreducible Case with a Diagram of the Case, &c. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- Luders A., Esq.—An Essay on the Character of Henry the Fifth when Prince of Wales, 5s.
- Le Grice C. Val.—Indifference not Christian Charity.
- Memoires Historiques, Litteraire, et Anecdotes tires de la Correspondence &c. de Grimm et Diderot, 2 Vols. 8vo.
- Musgrave T. M.—The Re-establishment of an effective Balance of Power the only solid Basis of a general and permanent Peace, 2s. 6d.
- Mac-floggem Peter, Esq., M. D.—Æsculapian Secrets revealed, 6s.
- Northcote James, Esq.—Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds, 4to.
- O'Beirne T., L. D. D., Bishop of Meath.—Sermons on important Subjects, 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Parkes S.—The Rudiments of Chemistry illustrated by Experiments, 5s.
- Potter Matilda.—Mount Erin, an Irish Tale, 10s. 6d.
- Perpetual War the Policy of Mr. Maddison, by a New England Farmer, 8vo. 5s.
- Ryder Hon. and Rev. H.—A Sermon for the Benefit of St. Mary's, Leicester, 2s.
- Representations of the Brazilian Merchants against the Insults offered to the Portuguese Flag, 4s.
- Substance of the Speech of the Earl of Harrowby on the Stipendiary Curate's Bill, 2s.
- Strictures on that part of the Divisions of Purley, which professes to give the true Account of the Words of and for, 2s.
- Stael Madame de.—Reflections on Suicide, 12mo. 5s.
- Stewart Professor.—A History of Bengal, compiled principally from the Native Historians, 4to.
- Sinclair Sir John.—An Account of the Highland Society of London, 3s.
- Thorn W.—Pedestrianism, or an Account of the Performances during the last and present Century, 8vo 10s. 6d.
- T. Livii Patavini Historiarum libri qui supersunt. Recensuit et notis ad usum Scholarum, accommodatis instruit, J. B. L. Crevier, 8vo. 6 Vols. £2. 2s. large Paper £3. 3s.
- The Life of Pill Garlick, 8s.
- The Rival Chiefs, or the Battle of the Boyne, 12mo. 8s.
- The Adventures of a Hackney Coach, 3s.
- The Rival Roses, or Wars of York and Lancaster, a Metrical Tale, 8vo. 2 Vols. £1. 1s.
- Transubstantiation; or the Catholic Art of converting Opposition Rats into Treasury Moles, 5s.
- The Shannon and the Chesapeake, a Poem, 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Wilkins W. M. A. F. A. S.—The Civil Architecture of Vitruvius, 4to. £3. 3s. Royal folio, £6. 6s. part 1st.